

There is not now, nor has there been in the past, any better magazine

PERIODICAL ROOM
DRAW

DEC 14 1936

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE

EDITED BY
LORD GORELL



DECEMBER
1936

	PAGE
THE BELLS OF BETHLEHEM	Archer Cust 641
CAROL	Hesper Le Gallienne 648
WITH THE GUN IN EGYPT: II. THE DESERTS	C. S. Jarvis 649
LONDON INTERLUDE: AN EXPERIENCE ..	Natala Korel 661
IDLINGS IN A ROYAL LIBRARY	Desmond Chapman-Huston 672
THE BUR: A POEM	Josephine Johnson 682
WINTER CONSOLATION: A POEM ..	Herbert Bluen 683
MADAME DE MALITOURN'S COLD: A STORY ..	F. L. Lucas 684
I SAW HER PASS: A POEM	Marjorie E. Pillers 701
RUGBY IN THE EARLY 'EIGHTIES	H. G. D. Latham 702
FAREWELL AND ADIEU TO YOU: A STORY	Elisabeth Cluer 714
THE CHARM OF AN OLD ENGLISH COTTAGE	Mabel Dawson 727
THE 'CORNHILL': OLD AND NEW	734
A POSSESSION FOR EVER: A RECONSTRUCTION	E. Lloyd Barritt 735
THE VICTIM: A STORY OF AFRICA	E. Hamilton 756
THE YEAR IS DYING	Lord Gorell 762
THE RUNNING BROOKS	763
LITERARY COMPETITION	768

Written and Read in every
Part of the World.

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY
50 Albemarle St. W.1



Patrons :

THE MOST HON. THE MARQUESS OF ABERDEEN AND TEMAIR.
THE MOST HON. THE MARCHIONESS OF ABERDEEN AND TEMAIR.
THE MOST HON. THE MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF ABERDEEN AND TEMAIR.
THE RIGHT HON. THE COUNTESS HALFOUR.

THE RIGHT HON. THE VISCOUNTESS BUCKMASTER.
SIR JOHN MARTIN HARVEY. Miss LILIAN BRAITHWAITE.
SIR ARTHUR R. GLYN, BART. ROBERT ATKINS, Esq. SOLOMON.

Telephone :

KENSINGTON : 2358 (Secretary)

Telephone :

KENSINGTON : 8448 (Students)

THE INCORPORATED

LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC

Queen's Gate Hall, Harrington Road, South Kensington, LONDON, S.W.7.

Founder : T. H. YORKE TROTTER, M.A., MUS. DOC. (OXON.)

Council :

President : SIR ARTHUR R. GLYN, BART.

MRS. HERBERT FOWLER, O.D.E.

F. ROWLANDS, F.C.A.

ALAN DALE HARRIS, Esq.

MRS. YORKE TROTTER.

MISS M. YORKE TROTTER.

MISS MARGARET H. GLYN.

W. F. GORTON, Esq., M.A.

MAJ.-GEN. SIR JAMES KEITH TROTTER,
K.C.B., C.M.G.

Principal : HAROLD COLOMBATTI.

Managing Director : WILFRID FOULIS.

Secretary : G. GORDON HARVEY.

**COMPLETE
DRAMATIC TRAINING**

UP TO DATE CURRICULUM.

MODERN THEATRE.

PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS IN ACTING

The following great artists have graciously consented to join the
ACADEMY'S PANEL OF EXAMINERS for the DIPLOMA of ASSOCIATE,

Robert Atkins, Esq., Leslie Banks, Esq., Miss Lilian Braithwaite,
John Drinkwater, Esq., Nicholas Hannen, Esq., Sir Cedric Hard-
wicke, Sir Seymour Hicks, Baliol Holloway, Esq., Miss Ursula
Jeans, Miss Auriol Lee, Miss Marie Lohr, Miss Flora Robson,
Miss Athene Seyler, Dame Sybil Thorndike, Frank Vosper, Esq.,

Dame May Whitty.

The DIPLOMA OF ASSOCIATE calls for a very high standard of per-
formance.—

Apply for Syllabus.

SPRING TERM STARTS 11th January

1)

7.

1

e

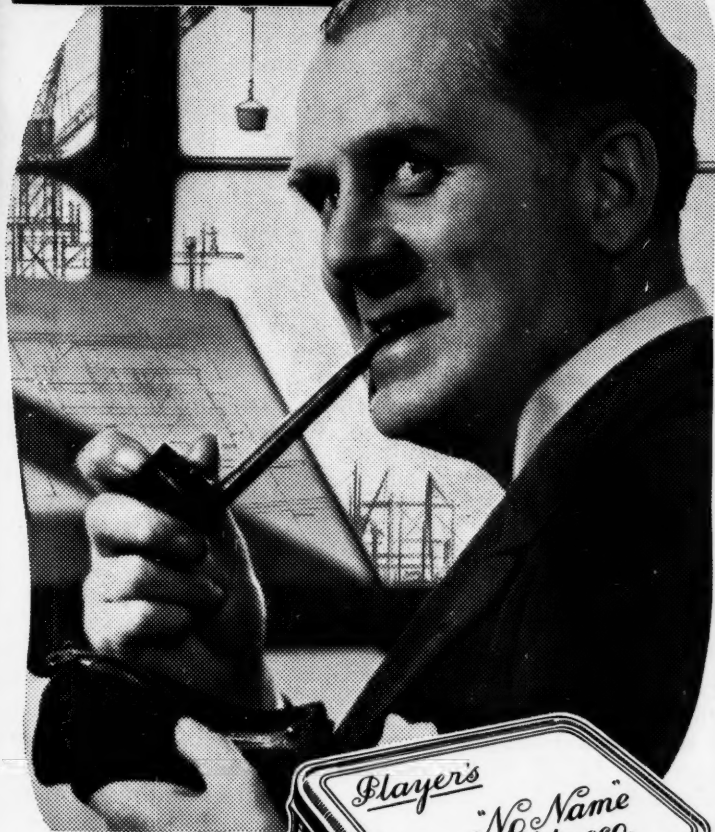
-

7

THE C
ADV

P.N.

PLAYER'S
"NO NAME"
TOBACCO



With pipe-smokers of cultivated taste, the choice of "No Name" is more than a mere preference—it is a settled conviction.



2 ozs. 2/6

4 ozs. 5/-

BOOK NOTES FOR DECEMBER

An Alpine Pioneer

AMONG the great pioneers of Alpine climbing there is none better known than Edward Whymper. His great classic, *Scrambles amongst the Alps*, was first published in 1871, and there has been no issue of the full text since the Fifth Edition of 1900. However, with the New Edition which has been prepared by H. E. G. Tyndale, himself well known as translator or editor of modern Alpine books, the most recent and successful of which was *Nanga Parbat Adventure*, a gap in the literature of this great sport has been repaired, and the grand story of Whymper's seven attempts to climb the Matterhorn is as appealing to-day as when Alpine climbers had virgin fields to work on. The original illustrations have been retained in this new issue, supplemented by additional pictures, and some hitherto unpublished extracts from Whymper's diary will also enhance the value of a most welcome volume.



An ideal gift book

It is perhaps platitudinous to remark so late in the day that the epic story of Captain Scott's heroic journey to the South Pole will last as long as people do, but the remarkable success of the life of Edward Wilson which was published about three years ago brings back to mind this grand story. This book, *Edward Wilson of the Antarctic*, has just had its ninth large reprinting, a tribute to the simple, heroic character of its subject and also to the skill of the author, the Rev. G. Seaver, who has presented this beautiful portrait of a beautiful personality. In a cynical age such simplicity of character is refreshing and, as an ideal for growing manhood, the figure of Edward Wilson stands unrivalled.

WAIFS & STRAYS

SOCIETY



HAS A
FAMILY
OF

4,500

BOYS GIRLS
BABIES CRIPPLES
TO FEED & CLOTHE

5/-

FEEDS ONE DESTITUTE
CHILD FOR ONE WEEK

A
RECENT ADDITION.
BABY ANTHONY has
never known a mother's
love; she died two days
after he was born. His
father—unemployed—was
faced with the problem of
caring for his four other
young children, so there
was no safe place in the
home for this tiny baby.
Motherless Anthony,
therefore, joined our
family.

*Any help gratefully received by the Secretary
Old Town Hall, Kennington, S.E.11.*

BOOK NOTES FOR DECEMBER

The African Desert

SIR RICHMOND PALMER, sometime Resident of the Bornu Province, Nigeria, has just finished a great work dealing with the history of the ancient Empire of Bornu. The Bornu Empire is now represented territorially by the North-Eastern province of Nigeria, and the author had an unrivalled opportunity of studying the people of the district, and this authoritative work, which he calls *The Bornu Sahara and Sudan* with its 80 Illustrations and Maps, opens the door to a knowledge of the pre-Islamic existence of the tribes with which it deals.

Liverpool and its Medical History

LOCAL history is often a valuable aid to assessing the real effects of national history and many nation-wide movements had their origin in provincial enterprises. This fact gives permanent value to the fascination of a comprehensive volume called *The Medical History of Liverpool*, which has been compiled from the data accumulated by the late Thomas H. Bickerton, by H. Richard Bickerton and R. M. B. MacKenna. It is an important contribution to the story of the civic and human progress of Liverpool, and reveals from many a strange angle the difficult development of medical organisations in the midst of much hostility and prejudice.

COUPON

FOR

ACROSTIC COMPETITION

DECEMBER, 1936



AN ANCIENT LAND where enchantment lingers, mingling with modern sports and pastimes in a unique manner. Landmarks as old as time look down upon Horse Racing, Motoring, Golf, Tennis, Grand Opera and 20th Century Hotels—to mention a few of the season's highlights. And over all from November to April is the glamour of Egypt's superb climate, offering you Warmth, Comfort and Health through radiant sunshine.

For authoritative information on all aspects of a holiday in Egypt, address your enquiries NOW to the principal travel agencies or to

EGYPT TRAVEL INFORMATION BUREAU

29 REGENT STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

Write to-day for the new profusely illustrated publication "Egypt and the Sudan."



Christmas Day . . . no cheery glow from the hearth—no well-spread table to gladden the heart. BEHIND CURTAINS many poor families will go without, unless you help.

10/- parcel cheers one family.

£5 provides for TEN families.

Please post a gift to Preb. CARLILE,
55 Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

CHURCH ARMY



GREAT FEAT.

He may have soles like leather—but you can have soles that are leather. PURITAN Soles. And for weather like ours they are even more to the point.

PURITAN LEATHER SOLES

For Longer Wear & Greater Comfort

Puritan Tanneries Limited, Runcorn, Cheshire.

**Read about
AFRICA**
in
THE AFRICAN OBSERVER

A Review of Contemporary African Affairs.
Authoritative articles by the foremost writers of today.

— Price 2/- Post Free. —
(Annual Subscription, £1 : 1 : 0)

Specimen copy gladly sent on request.

P.O. Box 786, BULAWAYO, S. RHODESIA,

OR

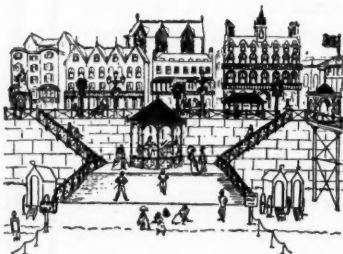
A. P. BOLLAND & Co. Ltd., 18 Warwick Street,
Regent Street, London, W.1.

A glorious satire !

**PROGRESS
AT PELVIS BAY**

By OSBERT LANCASTER

‘Full of wit. I defy any one to read this delightful little cameo without intense interest as well as ripe amusement.’—*The Isis*.



With 44 Illustrations by the Author. 3s. 6d. net.

LONDON : JOHN MURRAY

THE LONDON MERCURY

AND BOOKMAN

•

Christmas Double Number

2s. 6d.

Out December 1st

2s. 6d.

**GUIDE TO CHRISTMAS BOOKS, SHORT STORIES,
ARTICLES, TWELVE GRAVURE PLATES,
WOODCUTS, LINE DRAWINGS
and plenty of other illustrations
throughout.**

Other Monthly Issues, One Shilling. Subscription 15s. per Annum.

10, GREAT TURNSTILE, W.C.1

LORD GORELL'S

latest volume

IN THE POTTER'S FIELD

AND OTHER NEW POEMS

MR. STANLEY BALDWIN.

'He is a real poet.'

E.B.O. IN THE MORNING POST.

**'Lord Gorell is always human. A poet beyond doubt,
and how companionable!'**

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

**'The title poem shows Lord Gorell's poetic gift at its best.
Continuous sincerity and strength of feeling: the whole
monologue is alive and moving, so that the reader can
believe it was, as the poet himself tells us in another poem,
written in a fierce passion of remorse and pain.'**

5s. net.

LONDON: JOHN MURRAY

Suzanne Verdi

Mrs. Rosa Holloy
(Estd. 1910.)
BRITISH

A Specialist in Beauty Culture upon
whom you may implicitly rely . . .

for expert personal advice—exclusive Salon Treatments and Preparations
of world-wide repute for Beauty Conservation and Rejuvenation. Beauty
brochure gratis. "Verdi House," 44 OLD Bond St., Piccadilly, London, W.1.

Telephone: Regent 1121. Telegrams: Verdituty, Piccy, London.



A HOUSE FOR A MOUSE

By CICELY ENGLEFIELD

When James and Jemima set off house hunting
they neither knew, or expected, what amazing
adventures they would have.

With many Illustrations. 2s. net.

JOHN MURRAY

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW in January, April, July, and October of
every year provides a reasoned appreciation and criticism of move-
ment in Literature, Art, Religion, Science, and Politics, as well as
in social developments generally, within the British Islands and
in countries abroad.

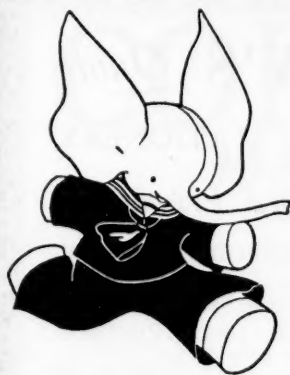
ESTABLISHED in 1809, when the power of Napoleon was at its
height, the QUARTERLY has seen the map of Europe changed
and changed again, and has witnessed extraordinary progress in
all departments of social, national, and international life.

It has been the purpose of this Review, through the minds and
pens of writers with authority, to appreciate the values of that
progress. The names of its contributors may be taken as an index
to the history of the times in Literature, Science and Art, to Politics
and Social Endeavour through its infinite channels, as well as to
very much else.

Annual Subscription, including postage, 31s. 4d.

Single copies 7s. 6d., plus 4d. postage.

JOHN MURRAY : Albemarle Street : LONDON, W.1



HERE COMES MUMFIE

The new adventures of the famous elephant—told with 83 Illustrations in colour and line by KATHARINE TOZER.
Chosen by the Junior Book Club.

WANDERINGS OF MUMFIE

'I predict for Mumfie a small niche among the immortals.'—EILUNED LEWIS in *The Listener*.

Written and Illustrated in colour and line by the same author.

5s. net each.

JOHN MURRAY



LOVE BEGETS LOVE

"Mummy," "Daddy" — from tiny lips no two words sound sweeter. Yet many parents choose to crush the joys that children give. Cruel deeds, neglectful actions—innocent little ones cannot escape them, but you can dry their tears through the



PLEASE SEND A CHRISTMAS GIFT

to Hon. Treasurer, Sir G. W. Truscott, Bt., National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

(President: H.R.H. The Duke of Kent)

Let **LANGLEY'S** *Quote*

FOR YOUR PRINTING & STATIONERY

Over 75 years of Specialised Printing

LANGLEY'S HOLD LARGE STOCKS OF
ENVELOPES OF ALL SIZES AND QUAL-
ITIES FROM A LARGE COMMERCIAL
(6"×3½") AT 2/- PER 1000 UPWARDS.
SEND FOR SAMPLE SET TO



Established 1860

LANGLEY & SONS LTD

The Euston Press

(DEPT. C.)

EUSTON BUILDINGS, LONDON, N.W.1

Retail Stationery Shop: 276 EUSTON ROAD, N.W.1

TELEPHONE: EUSTON 4263

A N U N U S U A L G I F T

A Year's Membership of W. H. SMITH & SON'S LENDING LIBRARY

This 'reading' gift is just the thing for your bookworm friend.
There are three graded subscription services which cover all reading
requirements and entitle subscribers to exchange at over 700 branches.

CLASS "B" SERVICE

All but the newest books on the shelves
(1 vol.), 10/- a year.

CLASS "A" SERVICE

All the books available on the library
shelves (1 vol.), £1 a year.

"PREFERENTIAL" SERVICE

For those who want the latest books
without delay, £2 a year.

You can arrange for this gift through any branch of

W. H. SMITH & SON, LTD

Newsagents : Booksellers : Librarians : Stationers

Printers : Bookbinders : Advertising Agents

1500 BRANCHES IN ENGLAND AND WALES

Head Office : Strand House, London, W.C.2.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE

EDITED BY
LORD GORELL



DECEMBER, 1936.

	PAGE
THE BELLS OF BETHLEHEM	<i>Archer Cust</i> 641
CAROL	<i>Hesper Le Gallienne</i> 648
WITH THE GUN IN EGYPT: II. THE DESERTS ..	<i>C. S. Jarvis</i> 649
LONDON INTERLUDE: AN EXPERIENCE ..	<i>Natala Korel</i> 661
IDLINGS IN A ROYAL LIBRARY ..	<i>Desmond Chapman-Huston</i> 672
THE BUR: A POEM	<i>Josephine Johnson</i> 682
WINTER CONSOLATION: A POEM	<i>Herbert Bluen</i> 683
MADAME DE MALITOURN'S COLD: A STORY ..	<i>F. L. Lucas</i> 684
I SAW HER PASS: A POEM	<i>Marjorie E. Pillers</i> 701
RUGBY IN THE EARLY 'EIGHTIES	<i>H. G. D. Latham</i> 702
FAREWELL AND ADIEU TO YOU: A STORY ..	<i>Elisabeth Cluer</i> 714
THE CHARM OF AN OLD ENGLISH COTTAGE ..	<i>Mabel Dawson</i> 727
THE 'CORNHILL': OLD AND NEW	734
A POSSESSION FOR EVER: A RECONSTRUCTION ..	<i>E. Lloyd Barritt</i> 735
THE VICTIM: A STORY OF AFRICA	<i>E. Hamilton</i> 756
THE YEAR IS DYING	<i>Lord Gorell</i> 762
THE RUNNING BROOKS	763
LITERARY COMPETITION	768



LONDON
JOHN MURRAY
50 Albemarle St. W1.



NEW YORK: THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO., 131 VARICK STREET, N.Y.
Published Monthly, price 1s. 6d. net. Annual Subscription, 20s., post free.
Entered as Second Class Matter March 15, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.,
under the Act of March 3, 1879, (Sec. 397, F. L. and R.).

All Rights Reserved.

DO YOU KNOW

that, for quite a small premium,

FIELD and OPERA GLASSES CAMERAS, LENSES and AMATEUR CINÉ APPARATUS

can be **INSURED** with the **NORWICH UNION**
against **ALL RISKS**, including Accidental Loss,
Fire, Theft and Burglary and Accidental Damages.
Write, quoting the present value of the apparatus concerned, for a
leaflet giving full particulars of this valuable protection, to :—

NORWICH UNION INSURANCE SOCIETIES

Head Offices: Surrey St., **NORWICH**

London Offices: 49/50 FLEET STREET, E.C.4., etc.

*****c9*****



A MANAGED UNIT TRUST OFFERING AN INVESTMENT, FREE FROM
PERSONAL LIABILITY IN RESPECT OF UNCALLED CAPITAL, IN THE
SHARES OF THIRTY-ONE LEADING BRITISH INSURANCE COMPANIES

TRUST *of* INSURANCE SHARES

*Insurance-Units may be purchased through any
Stockbroker or Bank. The estimated yield at current
prices and based on cash dividends is from 3½% to 3¾%.
Price, 18th November, 24s. 3d.*

TRUSTEES: WILLIAMS DEACON'S BANK LTD.
MANAGERS: TRUST OF INSURANCE SHARES LTD.
30 CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.3. TEL.: MAN. HSE. 5467

*For full particulars apply to any Stockbroker or Bank, or to the above address, for Trust
of Insurance Shares Booklet.*

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER 1936.

THE BELLS OF BETHLEHEM.

By ARCHER CUST

ONCE more at Christmastide millions of listeners will hear the Bells of the Nativity announce the glad tidings of the Saviour's Birth.

Many now have made the journey to Bethlehem themselves and have taken part in the great ceremonies which are held in the venerable building that has been a centre of Christian worship since its foundation in the fourth century by the Emperor Constantine. For the way is no longer difficult, and the perils that beset the pilgrim of old are no more.

The 'little Town of Bethlehem' lies some four miles due south of Jerusalem just east of the main road that leads to Hebron and Beersheba. It crowns the last line of heights that look down over the Wilderness of Judæa and across the Dead Sea to the uplands of Moab beyond. In the middle distance the flat-topped hill where still may be seen the ruins of Herod's burial-place is prominent. Below runs the Wady-el-Nar (The Vale of Fire, on account of its intense dryness and heat in summer), which starting from Aceldama outside Jerusalem winds through the parched, tumbled ridges to the isolated Greek convent of Mar Saba and eventually to the Dead Sea near Engeddi. In the midst of this waste lies the traditional Cave of Adullam, a vast underground maze in which the unwary can easily get lost, where the young David took refuge, flying 'as a partridge' from the vindictive Saul. In the foreground is the white enclosure of the Greek convent of Theodosius, where a detachment of British machine-gunners put up a magnificent defence against powerful Turkish attacks during the Great War.

The Church of the Nativity is built on a spur that projects eastward of the height on which the town stands. It has thus been down the ages the last bastion of the 'sown' and the settled population: beyond is wilderness and the Land of Ishmael. Caravans still pass below its walls along the ancient desert route from the Dead Sea. By such a route must the Magi have come, climbing up and up as the Star led them, till at last their weary feet came to rest in a humble stall. To a traveller, winding his way among

the twisted ridges, the lights of the town above seem first to the right and then to the left, now straight in front, now almost directly behind. Only in the last stretch, when the valley straightens and widens, do they seem to settle ahead. Does the story of the Star here find an explanation? We may allow ourselves to wonder this, for the spiritual significance of a miracle need not suffer from the fact that it may have a natural background and setting.

The Church is actually a complex of churches and conventual buildings, of which the ancient Basilica of Constantine, beneath which is the Grotto that marks the site of the Stable, forms the core. The Basilica is flanked on the north side by the modern Hospice and Church of the Franciscans—whose bells it is that are broadcast on Christmas Eve—and by the well-preserved cloister of the Crusading period. On the south side lies the great Greek Orthodox Convent, part of which was the ancient belfry, now but half its original height as it was severely damaged by an earthquake in 1575. Its massive proportions, however, and tremendously thick walls testify to its former magnificence; for even more than Durham, the Church of the Nativity must of necessity have been half House of God and half fortress. West of the Orthodox Convent lies the Armenian, which too has more the guise of a fortification, and in between, abutting on the apse of the south transept, is a courtyard where on Christmas Eve, by permission of the Orthodox Archbishop, the Anglican congregation meets to sing carols beneath the stars and to hold a short service prior to spending a few silent moments in the Grotto below, the hallowed spot whither, as for the last nineteen centuries, the thoughts of all Christian men and women are at that season turning.

The Basilica is approached from the west across a Parvis, built over some immense cisterns, which was until recently paved with old worn flagstones but is now asphalted—perhaps a regrettable change. On the right hand is the massive wall of the Armenian Convent, pierced by a few small barred windows; to the left, the ground falls away sharply and the view is open across grey-green olive groves and vineyards towards Jerusalem. Traces may still be seen below of the Roman aqueduct which brought water to Jerusalem from the huge reservoirs known as the Pools of Solomon that lie a mile to the south, winding it has been calculated a total distance of some twenty miles—truly a remarkable feat of engineering.

The façade originally possessed three portals: the left-hand and

the great central lintels can still be seen, but that on the right is hidden by the Armenian wall. At present the only entrance is a narrow opening through a partially built-up Gothic doorway, a device adopted for defensive purposes and to prevent the local Arabs from using the Church as a stable for camels. There is an interesting legend that the reason why the Basilica escaped the wholesale destruction that took place during the Persian invasion under Chosroes in the seventh century was because above the portals was a mosaic of the visit of the Magi who were depicted as Persian Kings. Certainly there must have been some unusual cause why the Church escaped the melancholy fate that at that time overtook almost all the Christian buildings in the Holy Land.

Stooping low and carefully, for the old stones are deeply furrowed by the feet of countless generations of pilgrims and worshippers, we enter first the narthex and then, passing what was previously the Turkish Guard-room, through a finely carved door the main Church. Let it be best in the evening, when the gloom is shot by the numerous lamps and lanterns that hang from the roof. Perhaps there will be a service in progress in the Choir ahead of us, when the air will be incense-laden and the figures of worshippers will be passing up and down, many doubtless wearing the distinctive high head-dress of the Bethlehem women, which tradition says is derived from the fashions of the Crusading era.

As our eyes become accustomed to the dim light, we can distinguish the simple, dignified form of an early Christian basilica. On each side is a double row of Corinthian pillars, eleven in each row, which support architraves bearing a wall pierced by clerestory windows. Below and around these windows were once rich mosaics, added by the Byzantine Emperor Manuel Comnenus in the twelfth century, during that brief period when Eastern and Western Christianity sank their differences and made common cause against the infidel. The columns too were once adorned with figures of Saints and Apostles, but little of all this decoration remains to-day. The roof is wooden, but will be hid in gloom. It is interesting to reflect that in 1482 our Edward IV supplied the lead when the Church was re-roofed: his munificent gift, however, was put to more temporal use by the Turks, who stripped it in the early part of the seventeenth century and converted it into munitions of war.

It is known that Constantine's building was restored and enlarged about A.D. 530 by the Emperor Justinian, who built the great

the twisted ridges, the lights of the town above seem first to the right and then to the left, now straight in front, now almost directly behind. Only in the last stretch, when the valley straightens and widens, do they seem to settle ahead. Does the story of the Star here find an explanation? We may allow ourselves to wonder this, for the spiritual significance of a miracle need not suffer from the fact that it may have a natural background and setting.

The Church is actually a complex of churches and conventual buildings, of which the ancient Basilica of Constantine, beneath which is the Grotto that marks the site of the Stable, forms the core. The Basilica is flanked on the north side by the modern Hospice and Church of the Franciscans—whose bells it is that are broadcast on Christmas Eve—and by the well-preserved cloister of the Crusading period. On the south side lies the great Greek Orthodox Convent, part of which was the ancient belfry, now but half its original height as it was severely damaged by an earthquake in 1575. Its massive proportions, however, and tremendously thick walls testify to its former magnificence; for even more than Durham, the Church of the Nativity must of necessity have been half House of God and half fortress. West of the Orthodox Convent lies the Armenian, which too has more the guise of a fortification, and in between, abutting on the apse of the south transept, is a courtyard where on Christmas Eve, by permission of the Orthodox Archbishop, the Anglican congregation meets to sing carols beneath the stars and to hold a short service prior to spending a few silent moments in the Grotto below, the hallowed spot whither, as for the last nineteen centuries, the thoughts of all Christian men and women are at that season turning.

The Basilica is approached from the west across a Parvis, built over some immense cisterns, which was until recently paved with old worn flagstones but is now asphalted—perhaps a regrettable change. On the right hand is the massive wall of the Armenian Convent, pierced by a few small barred windows; to the left, the ground falls away sharply and the view is open across grey-green olive groves and vineyards towards Jerusalem. Traces may still be seen below of the Roman aqueduct which brought water to Jerusalem from the huge reservoirs known as the Pools of Solomon that lie a mile to the south, winding it has been calculated a total distance of some twenty miles—truly a remarkable feat of engineering.

The façade originally possessed three portals: the left-hand and

the great central lintels can still be seen, but that on the right is hidden by the Armenian wall. At present the only entrance is a narrow opening through a partially built-up Gothic doorway, a device adopted for defensive purposes and to prevent the local Arabs from using the Church as a stable for camels. There is an interesting legend that the reason why the Basilica escaped the wholesale destruction that took place during the Persian invasion under Chosroes in the seventh century was because above the portals was a mosaic of the visit of the Magi who were depicted as Persian Kings. Certainly there must have been some unusual cause why the Church escaped the melancholy fate that at that time overtook almost all the Christian buildings in the Holy Land.

Stooping low and carefully, for the old stones are deeply furrowed by the feet of countless generations of pilgrims and worshippers, we enter first the narthex and then, passing what was previously the Turkish Guard-room, through a finely carved door the main Church. Let it be best in the evening, when the gloom is shot by the numerous lamps and lanterns that hang from the roof. Perhaps there will be a service in progress in the Choir ahead of us, when the air will be incense-laden and the figures of worshippers will be passing up and down, many doubtless wearing the distinctive high head-dress of the Bethlehem women, which tradition says is derived from the fashions of the Crusading era.

As our eyes become accustomed to the dim light, we can distinguish the simple, dignified form of an early Christian basilica. On each side is a double row of Corinthian pillars, eleven in each row, which support architraves bearing a wall pierced by clerestory windows. Below and around these windows were once rich mosaics, added by the Byzantine Emperor Manuel Comnenus in the twelfth century, during that brief period when Eastern and Western Christianity sank their differences and made common cause against the infidel. The columns too were once adorned with figures of Saints and Apostles, but little of all this decoration remains to-day. The roof is wooden, but will be hid in gloom. It is interesting to reflect that in 1482 our Edward IV supplied the lead when the Church was re-roofed: his munificent gift, however, was put to more temporal use by the Turks, who stripped it in the early part of the seventeenth century and converted it into munitions of war.

It is known that Constantine's building was restored and enlarged about A.D. 530 by the Emperor Justinian, who built the great

belfry and added the three apses. It was not known, however, to what extent he modified the main design of the building. Two years ago a chance sounding revealed the original mosaic floor lying some three feet below the present surface of the nave. The mosaic was of the interlaced geometrical design common in Byzantine architecture, and was in parts in an exceptionally fine state of preservation. At the same time the staircase of the original descent to the Grotto was brought to light. For some reason in his restoration Justinian wished to conceal the mosaic—such decoration may by that time have gone out of fashion or been held to savour too much of the old paganism—and it became clear that he accomplished his purpose by raising the columns on a new foundation wall, without however departing from the original outline, and then covering the old floor with rubble up to the new level. We may thus be grateful to him for having preserved so much of the work of Constantine's craftsmen.

If a service is in progress it will be an office of the Orthodox Church, and here we shall at once become introduced to the intricacies of the 'Status Quo.' The 'Status Quo Ante Bellum,' to give the phrase in full, is the complicated code under which the usages and privileges of the different sects that have standing in the Holy Places are regulated. The war in question was the Crimean War, that pointless conflict which arose in part from the rivalries and jealousies in the Holy Places, and in particular in the Church of the Nativity, between the Orthodox, championed by Russia, and the Latins, who were supported by France and the other Roman Catholic Powers.

This is not the place to attempt to set out in any detail the confused story of the 'Status Quo,' for this would involve a lengthy study of the political history of the Christian Churches for a thousand years back. Suffice it to say that in 1852, the Sultan Abdul Medjid, driven desperate by the intrigues of the Powers over this question, issued a Firman laying down that whatever was the practice at that moment, whether as regards usage or ownership, was to be maintained, and he would listen to no further claims or counterclaims until these tiresome quarrels should once and for all be settled.

The Treaties that brought to a close the Crimean and the Russo-Turkish wars left this delicate question as it was. When, however, as a result of the Great War, the Moslem was finally expelled and the sites connected with the life on earth of Jesus

Christ passed once more under the control of a Christian Power, when moreover Russian influence had disappeared and the French protectorate over the Latin institutions, that dated from the time of the Most Christian King, became obsolete, the peacemakers felt there was an exceptional opportunity to get this vexed question solved. Provision was accordingly made in the Palestine Mandate for the appointment by the Mandatory of a special Commission 'to study, devise and determine the rights and claims of the different communities in connection with the Holy Places.' Meanwhile the Mandatory would be responsible for preserving existing rights. In other words, the Palestine Government took over from the Sultan the thankless task of maintaining the 'Status Quo,' a duty which it appears will lie upon it for an indefinite time to come, as the difficulties of forming the Holy Places Commission have not unexpectedly proved insuperable. It may be added that this task is undoubtedly facilitated by the fact that the Anglican Church has no standing in the Holy Places whatsoever.

The 'Status Quo' was declared when the predominance lay with the Orthodox. This was not so in the middle of the eighteenth century when Western Christianity had control over the majority of the Holy Places. By the end, however, of the first quarter of the nineteenth century, profiting by the preoccupation of their rivals in the Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars, the Orthodox had reversed the position. And nowhere is this more marked than in the Church of the Nativity. Thus, whereas the Orthodox may hold processions and conduct their affairs in the Nave, the rights of the Latins are limited to direct passage from the entrance to their convent door between the first and second pillars of the Northern rows. Again, the main Choir and the south Transept are in the exclusive possession of the Orthodox. In the north Transept, however, the position is very involved, as the Armenian, the Coptic and the Syrian Orthodox rites all have altars here, while the Latins have the right of passage across from the entrance of their Church to the northern doorway leading down to the Grotto. Formerly there was constant friction in this part of the Church, and a small portion of the floor is reserved to the Government as a station, if necessary, for police. Trouble may arise, too, over the repair and cleaning of the windows, such action implying a right of possession. A story is told that before the War the Orthodox repaired a window over which the Latins claimed a right: the canny Turk, however, solved the difficulty by sending up a mason who pretended to break

the Orthodox pane and replace it with one supplied by the Government, and susceptibilities were satisfied !

As is to be expected, in the Grotto itself the rules of the ' *Status Quo* ' are especially rigid, whether it be in regard to the placing of an ikon or to the height from the ground of a particular hanging. Such matters must seem trivial, even puerile to our minds ; yet they express the depth of men's feelings about Him whose early story hallowed these sites.

The Orthodox Church and the other rites that are in communion with it are the Churches of the simple and superstitious masses of the Eastern Mediterranean and the Levant and, speaking of pre-Bolshevik times, of Russia. Their travel-weary pilgrims have always looked for visible and tangible satisfaction of their devotion in the form of imposing offices and splendid ceremonies, when they could lose themselves in awed contemplation or abandon themselves to fervent exaltation. Hence the long night services and thronging processions, the studded tiaras and costly vestments of the Patriarchs and their Synods, the huge glittering chandeliers and coloured globes, the richly carved iconostases, the precious vessels and innumerable ikons. And nowhere can the grandeur and the splendour of Eastern Christianity be better understood than at Christmas in Constantine's Church at Bethlehem.

The climax of all the great Christmas processions is the descent to the Grotto, where is the Shrine of the Nativity. The Grotto is actually the largest of a series of caves, such as are commonly met with in the Judæan Hills ; indeed, there is a similar series under the south wall of the Nave, but these have been accorded no special significance. The remainder of the series to which the Grotto belongs are comprised within the Latin sphere and have been converted into chapels—one is venerated as the cell in which St. Jerome wrote the Vulgate—and they are separated from the Grotto by a door in which a hole is shown that we are told was caused by a bullet fired during one of the many, and often sanguinary, disputes that used to occur between the clergy of the different rites. As a consequence of these incessant disturbances, the Turks stationed a Moslem guard permanently in the Grotto, and when the British forces occupied the Town, the Turkish sentry was formally relieved by a British guard—surely a unique event in the history of war !

The Shrine itself is in the form of a small apse in two sections, the upper constituting the altar, on which the ikons and other appurtenances of the officiant are placed, while below is the silver

Star, inscribed 'Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus Natus est,' which marks the traditional spot of the Nativity. It was the theft of this Star by the Orthodox, on account of its Latin inscription, that was a contributory cause of the Crimean War. Adjacent is the altar of the Manger, which is exclusively in the possession of the Latins, for whom it was secured through the influence of the Emperor Napoleon III.

Here is the hallowed spot that for sixteen hundred years has been associated in the minds of Christian men and women with the birth of the Saviour of the world. True there can be no proof that verily here were the Stable and the Manger; for the historicity of the Holy Places does not go back beyond the fourth century when the pious and politic Constantine, wishing to give tangible confirmation of the establishment of Christianity as the official religion of the Roman Empire, determined and enshrined actual sites to mark the scenes connected with the life on earth of the Head of that religion. Nor does that matter; what is of such solemn moment is that here are the few inches of the earth's surface that countless millions have gazed upon, have knelt by and touched with their lips, and have poured out their prayers before, as being the spot where took place the most blessed incident in the history of the world.

Such thoughts may be with the worshipper of to-day, no less than with the pilgrim of the Dark Ages or the mailed warrior of the Crusades. Indeed, to have taken part in the Christmas Eve service at Bethlehem is an experience that cannot be forgotten. After circumambulating the Nave, the procession descends. Behind the lines of Bishops, Priests and acolytes presses the crowd, East mingling with West, each bearing a lighted candle. The confined space of the Grotto becomes packed and heavy with the smoke from the oil lamps and from the candles. The officiating clergy in their festal robes make their obeisance before the Star, while the deacons chant and the thurifers swing the censers, and the old story of God's greatest gift to Man is read. The procession then files out again and one by one the congregation in their turn kneel to kiss the Star and to pray for the Christmas blessing of peace and goodwill.

Far into the night the offices succeed each other, and the crowds come and go to-day as it has been for so many centuries and as it will be till the end of time. And below in the fields shepherds still watch their flocks beneath the stars, and merchants from the East are winding their way.

CAROL.

IN Christian lands from shore to shore
 The Mass of Christ is sung once more.
 With sacred Bread and hallowed Cup
 The faithful offer homage up.
 Salute ye all this Holy Morn
 For Christ, the Son of God, is born !

Gaspar, Balthazar, Melchior
 Kneel at His mangered crib once more
 With frankincense and myrrh and gold,
 For unto them the angel told
 ' Salute ye all this Holy Morn
 For Christ, the Son of God, is born ! '

Then follow we the flaming star
 That calls the faithful from afar
 To where the Prince of Peace doth rest
 Upon His Virgin Mother's breast.
 Salute ye all this Holy Morn
 For Christ, the Son of God, is born !

In Christian lands from shore to shore
 The Mass of Christ is sung once more,
 With grateful hearts we offer up
 The sacred Bread and hallowed Cup.
 Salute ye all this Holy Morn
 For Christ, the Son of God, is born !

HESPER LE GALLIENNE.

WITH THE GUN IN EGYPT.

BY C. S. JARVIS.

II. THE DESERTS.

THE difference between shooting in the deserts of Egypt and in the Nile Valley is that there is no need to maintain that attitude of pretending to be on duty and hard at work when one is returning in a car, loaded up with birds and gun-cases, from a long day in the duck butts and on the snipe marshes. Actually, the officials of Egypt are not an overworked class, for office hours are from 8.30 a.m. to 1.30, with innumerable and ever-recurring holidays due to a complexity of religions; but it has always been the custom in the country since the days of Cromer to keep up the fiction, regardless of outward evidence, that one is desperately hard at work, despite the fact that one realises one is not taking in anybody except oneself.

Thus an Inspector of Finance, with boots covered in mud and duck feathers clinging to every portion of his apparel, will sink into a chair at the Club and explain that he has had a most trying day dealing with a discrepancy in accounts at Ayyat; or one will stumble over a pile of snipe in the hall and be informed by the person responsible that he had to go off to Damietta in a hurry to look for a suitable area in the marshes for an Infantry Brigade camp. One of the reasons why the British prove such successful administrators is that they adopt the customs and manners of the country they serve, and the British, being a thorough race, do not believe in half-measures—the only trouble is, they do not lie nearly so convincingly as the Oriental they strive to imitate.

In the keen, clear atmosphere of the deserts there is no need for this sort of thing, as the only people one could tell the tale to would be the Arabs, who are an economical race and who would be shocked at this waste of good mendacity when it so obviously fails of its purpose. Besides, if it so happens that one's job lies in the desert the end amply justifies the means, for it is while one is on hunting and shooting expeditions that one discovers and sees for oneself all the things worth while. Mere inspecting for the sake of inspecting will always take one along the recognised

camel or car tracks or to police posts where one is expected and the Oriental 'eye-wash' has been so applied that the most disorganised show has the appearance of being thoroughly on the alert and correct in every detail. It is when one gets up in the hills after game that one comes across possibly a Roman water supply that with some repairs might irrigate a few odd acres of land, a smuggler's cache of hashish, or some old Arab with a tale of grave injustice who has been systematically shooed away from every police post for fear that he might make unpleasant disclosures. In fact, if it is desired to soothe an uneasy conscience, it is quite easy to make out such a case for shooting that really one should do nothing else, and going to the office in the morning almost amounts to neglect of duty.

The big game of Egypt are few and far between, but this was not always the case, as, judging from the bas reliefs on ancient tombs, all the desert antelopes swarmed on either side of the Nile, for the carvings always depict the oryx and addax being brought forward as gifts on every State occasion. It must have been glorious to hold a responsible position in those spacious and generous days, as at the slightest excuse the whole countryside arose as one man and carried provender of every description to the house.

The oryx, that glorious beast with the long, rapier-like horns, has not been seen in the deserts of Egypt for over sixty years and, though there were a few addax in the vicinity of Sollum near the Italian-Cyrenaican border up till 1914, it is feared that the Army Light Cars wiped out the few survivors during the War. They are a heavy antelope about the size of a donkey and, unlike the gazelle, do not have a chance when chased by a car.

The two gazelle, the Dorcas and the Loder, still exist, but I believe that the Dorcas has had his species subdivided and that the correct name for the type of animal that is found in the Libyan and Sinai deserts is the Isabelline. It is a thousand pities to shoot such a glorious and beautiful little animal, but unfortunately there is a certain type of murderer, usually of the Dago fraternity, who derives vast amusement from running these poor little creatures down in high-powered cars and shooting them with shot-guns. The Isabelline is still quite plentiful, and in 1935 I saw a herd of fifteen near the Wadi Natrun about forty miles from Cairo. With the new desert road that has been recently constructed from Cairo to Alexandria via the Wadi Natrun, I am afraid their future is not a very bright one. The Loder, who is a slightly taller beast and

affects an 'off-white' colour instead of the dun of the Dorcas or Isabelline, is not so plentiful, and I have seen them only three times in the desert near the Baharia Oasis.

The ibex or wild goat in small numbers still holds its own in the high mountains of Southern Sinai and east of the Nile in the Red Sea district. They were very nearly exterminated in 1919, owing to the fact that every Arab in Egypt managed to obtain a Service rifle with unlimited ammunition. A good number of these have been seized, and the remainder, owing to the Arab's inability to keep anything clean and cared for—not even himself—are now probably useless and *mastaralsh* (not working); and this is all to the good.

Shooting of ibex, if properly conducted, does very little harm, for one naturally shoots the largest male with the heaviest head, and as the ibex is very much a sultan with harem ideas it may possibly lead to an increase of the species if a jealous old warrior with five or six wives is removed and some of the younger bloods with insignificant heads get a chance. I have watched herds of ibex through the glasses and the young undergraduate class have a very poor time. If a love-sick youth dares to have a word with a young lady of his own age he receives a buffet in the ribs from a huge pair of scythe-like horns that knocks all the matrimonial desires out of him for the rest of the week.

Ibex-hunting is by no means easy, as it means meeting them on their own ground, 5,000 feet up in the wildest and craggiest granite mountains. Both the hearing and eyesight of these wild goats are entirely efficient and their sense of smell is phenomenal. If the wind is right they can scent a man a mile away, and our scent must be not only extremely potent but also indescribably unpleasant, for when an ibex winds a human he does not pause to think, but is off in a flash at full gallop and will not stop till he has put a range of mountains between himself and the reason of the stench.

The ibex country is some distance away from civilisation, whether one selects the southern Qalala mountains on the Red Sea or one of the big peaks in Sinai, and this means that the sportsman must spend at least two days getting to his camp. The actual hunt consists of starting a four- to five-thousand-foot climb in the very early hours of the morning and travelling all day over the roughest and steepest going imaginable, with the prospect of spotting a sizable head the other side of a vast and deep gorge

just before sunset, with insufficient time to get within shot before dark.

In Sinai I have made some efforts to preserve the ibex by employing Arab keepers who are supposed to watch certain mountains. Only a limited amount of success attended my efforts, as the Arab is not the right type for this particular calling and seems to think he has acquired privileges which entitle him and his relatives to shoot. It is not very easy to keep a watch on a dishonest keeper when his beat is two hundred miles away in the heart of the most desolate country, and the system I employed was to sack a man if any sportsman came back and reported no game whatsoever in that keeper's preserve. This might possibly savour of gross unfairness in some cases; but the Arab has been brought up in the tradition of injustice for many centuries, and a little thing like being sacked for something that is not his fault gives a delightful hint of the good old Turkish days when a man had his head chopped off if the Pasha found his features displeasing.

Some years ago a friend of mine asked if I could arrange an ibex-hunting trip for him, and luckily at that particular time my keepers had reported a large herd of the animals with at least three good heads in a moderately small mountain close to the Monastery of St. Catherine. We set off together, and at the opening of the gorge leading to the Monastery were met by the keepers, who told us excitedly that the ibex were in position that morning and were most unlikely to move. We were staying that night in the Monastery and unfortunately my friend was a person of some eminence, and still more unfortunately the monks are social climbers, or rather official climbers—by no means the same thing. As we got out of the cars at the foot of the Monastery walls there was a deafening, ear-splitting detonation—the monks, in honour of our arrival, had fired a seventeenth-century culverin loaded to the muzzle with blasting powder, and before we could stop them had fired six more. The frightful din rolling and reverberating round those bare granite mountains was more shattering to the nerves than any intensive bombardment I met during the War, and my friend turned to me and said, sadly, 'There go our ibex,' and he was right; we never saw a sign of them, and I imagine the whole census of ibex population must have been bunched together in a frightened herd at the extreme apex of the Peninsula.

It was entirely my fault, as I should have remembered that it was one of the monks' funny little ways to welcome their guests

with a salvo of this description. The man who fires these guns is an old Arab of the Gebaliya tribe and in my opinion is graded top of all the V.C.'s and Iron Cross holders as the bravest man in the world. The culverins are of great age and are eaten up with rust; they are tied to home-made gun carriages with lengths of telephone wire, and this unrecognised and unhonoured hero packs them to the muzzle with black powder and then puts an ordinary match to the touch-hole without a thought of the fact that he might be in the middle of the Hereafter in half a second.

One of the most satisfactory things about the ibex in Egypt is the sanctuary that has been formed in a small wadi some thirty miles south of Cairo. This wadi or mountain valley has a tiny trickle of water in it, a most unusual thing in this very inhospitable desert, and Prince Kamel el Din Hussein some thirty years ago discovered that certain female ibex frequented the wadi, being visited in the rutting season in the autumn by many of the males from the Red Sea Mountains. He at once acquired rights over the wadi, and an area of forty square miles surrounding it, appointed Albanian keepers, who were very much more effective than my Arabs, and used it as his preserve. The ibex flourished and increased in numbers, and on the Prince's death the wadi was taken over by the Government as a game sanctuary. The remarkable thing about the wadi is that not only are the females quite fearless of man—this is more or less understandable, as they are always seeing humans—but the males who visit them also realise immediately they arrive that they are safe. They come in from the desolate mountains a hundred miles away to the South where every man is an enemy, and see the wadi below with keepers moving about their huts and gardens and a small gas engine pumping water. The valley is haunted by man and all his hated civilisation and horrid scents, but some instinct tells these animals they are safe, so that it is possible to walk up to within thirty yards of six of seven of the wildest and most timid animals in the world and take a close-up photograph; and these same ibex, if they so much as caught a whiff of a human being outside the valley, would run for three hours without stopping. This is a sanctuary in the best sense of the word, as not only is it a safe home for permanent residents but is also recognised as such by visitors, and this is where it differs from all other game preserves. I have been endeavouring to get the Egyptian Government to start an oryx preserve in Sinai, but so far officialdom is so surprised at its success with the

ibex sanctuary that it is afraid to spoil it with another venture which might not prove so satisfactory.

Besides ibex there are a few wild sheep in the Red Sea Mountains, though there is none in Sinai. It was thought also that there was none in the Western or Libyan Desert, which was not remarkable, as there are no mountains sufficiently high to suit the animal, though there was a record that a British coastguard officer had seen one west of the Oasis of Dakhla. It was one of the queer anomalies of Egypt that coastguard officers used to function in deserts four hundred miles from the sea. In course of time, as no more were ever seen, it was thought that the coastguard, with his eye trained to gaze over wastes of sea and not wastes of sand, had been mistaken; and then Sir Ahmed Hassanein, the Egyptian explorer, discovered the Oasis of Owenat near the Sudan border and overlooking it a vast solitary massif of limestone. Round the water-hole at the foot of the mountain were the skeletons and heads of enormous sheep, remains of Arab feasts, and these heads were far larger than anything seen in the Red Sea. It was found that this solitary mountain supports a considerable herd of these animals, and no doubt the coastguard saw some old male who had wandered 300 miles across flat desert in search of adventure.

The non-migratory birds of the desert are various types of sand grouse, the Hey's or Himalaya partridge, the Chikor or red-legged partridge, the lesser bustard, and the humble blue rock pigeon. Among migratory birds may be mentioned all varieties of duck that come in to feed on the marshes of the various oases of the Western Desert both on the outward and inward journeys; the quail, who linger in the scattered patches of desert barley till it is time to depart for Europe; and in the oases of Kharga and Dakhla where the marshes are extensive the snipe may be found in small numbers.

The River Nile appears to be the boundary between Asia and Africa for both fauna and feather. That is to say, the ibex is found in Sinai and the Red Sea, but not west of the Nile; the leopard, though scarce, frequents Sinai, but in the Western Desert the cheetah takes its place; the Hey's or Chikor partridges are common in most valleys with a water supply in Sinai and the Red Sea, but in the West no specimens have ever been found, and the only partridge in the Western Desert is the Barbary, a few of which have been seen in the rocky scarp south of Mersa Matruh; whilst the sand grouse of the deserts west of the Nile

is the ordinary spotted or Senegal variety, but in Sinai both the Imperial and Coroneted are common, but the Senegal extremely rare.

This more or less hard-and-fast rule as to the dividing line between Africa and Asia observed by birds and beasts merely obscures the issue as to what actually is the boundary between the two continents. I have always held the view that as Egypt cannot be both in Africa and Asia, the boundary must of necessity be the frontier between Sinai and Palestine—namely, Rafa on the Mediterranean to the head of the Gulf of Akaba. This, with some variations from time to time, has been the Egyptian frontier from about fifteen hundred years before Christ and holds good to-day. The authorities, however, when the Suez Canal is discussed, talk freely of the African and Asian banks, and every Frenchman in the Canal Company believes firmly that he has stepped into Asia when he crosses the waterway, regardless of the fact that it is an entirely artificial feature and did not exist prior to 1869. And now we find that fauna and feather, who have probably far sounder instincts, regard a third line, the Nile, as the boundary; and in the existing confusion, who can say whether they are right or wrong? The recognised cartographers of the world refuse to do anything about publishing new editions of maps till they hear officially whether Irak is to be spelt as Irak with a k or Iraq with a q, and so the confusion is likely to last for some time.

Sand-grouse shooting is most exciting and thrilling, and as it takes place in the early morning when the desert is at its best it is a fascinating sport. The only thing that spoils it is the thought that one probably shoots a far greater number than one really requires of a most attractive little bird, for the sand grouse, though quite edible, is very far from being a luxury. His life is far too strenuous and his fare too spartan to make him succulent and tender and he possesses a skin that, if not shot-proof, is most definitely tooth-proof.

Sand grouse come in from the camel tracks about an hour after sun-up and choose as their watering-places a deserted spot on the Nile if the river happens to be in the vicinity of their particular part of the desert, or to one of the various water-holes that occur in Sinai and the Western Desert. A very favourite haunt of these birds is the outlying pools of the oases of Kharga, Dakhla, and Baharia, but the drawback to sand-grouse shooting is that one is never quite certain at which pool they will drink, as they

very wisely change their *rendezvous* every morning. One takes up one's stand in a hide of palm branches by the side of a pool at which they watered yesterday and spends two hours watching flight after flight of the birds dropping in to some pond half a mile away. If, however, one is not a confirmed bird-slaughterer one cannot call the morning wasted, for one is certain to have a flight or two within shot of one's hide, and the beauty of the desert in the slanting rays of the early morning sun makes up for the lack of sport.

One's pool is probably a stretch of intensely blue water which contrasts most strikingly with the yellow sand dune that is encroaching upon it at the far side, and away across the undulating dun of the sand and clear cut against the primrose morning sky are clumps of artistically arranged palm trees. Considering what a very haphazard arborist the Arab is, and his entirely natural contempt for anything beautiful, except a camel and a woman, it is remarkable how he so arranges his clumps of palm trees that the most skilled landscape gardener could not improve upon the grouping. It almost suggests that Dame Nature, being alive to his limitations, takes an active hand in the matter and gives some assistance.

The sand grouse come in from their feeding-grounds on the desert camel tracks, and one is first aware of their approach by their high-pitched chuckling note from which they derive their Arabic name of 'qattar'; then one sees, high up, a line of tiny dots against the sky that very rapidly become larger, and a moment later, considerably earlier than one expects it, there is a rush of wings and a pack of from twenty to forty sand grouse shoot past one's hide. If one fires there is a hurried beating of wings and the covey swerve upwards and disappear as quickly as they came into view. If not they circle round the pool three or four times and then alight, but apparently they take one short sip of water only and in a second are off again. They carry out their drinking so rapidly that at first I was under the impression that they did it on the wing.

The sand grouse is not a grouse as his name suggests, but is more closely allied to the pigeon family, but he is fitted out with small feathered feet that rather suggest the Highland bird. The feathers on the leg, however, are the only part about him that resembles the grouse and his meat, though palatable, is more like that of a very tough wood-pigeon.

All the varieties are extremely beautifully coloured, the cock of the Spotted or Senegal having a bright lemon throat, whilst the hen affects a yellow dun colouring closely mottled with dark brown. The Imperial that is found only in Eastern Sinai is a wonderful bird with a very conspicuous dark breast, whilst every feather on his back, flanks, and wings, bears an intricate and marvellous pattern in yellow and various shades of rich brown.

I nearly became quite famous in the ornithological world by obtaining on the shores of the Gulf of Akaba an exceedingly rare variety supposed to be the Close Barred sand grouse. I sent it to the Cairo Zoo, but before it could be identified definitely the cat ate it, and I have always had the feeling that the cat might have waited an hour or so and allowed me to obtain whatever kudos one ought to get for shooting a rare bird.

Needless to say, the high deserts are not good holding ground for duck, though as a matter of fact these birds during the migration will come down on any tiny pool that may form near a spring or by a sudden fall of heavy rain. Once I saw a flight of eleven magnificent drake mallard waddling about on the dry sand miles from water, and on another occasion, when I dammed the Wadi El Arish, a hundred or more teal and widgeon came down to disport themselves in the water before it soaked away all too rapidly. This goes to prove that the migration of duck does not only follow the waterway of the Nile as one might suppose, but takes place across both Sinai and the Western or Libyan Desert as well. This latter I proved by finding the dried bodies of many duck under crags on every rocky hill some two hundred miles west of Dakhla Oasis and over four hundred miles from the Nile. They were obviously the remains of exhausted migrants who had been unable to continue the flight and had crawled under the stones to die.

The four big oases of the Western Desert—Kharga, Dakhla, Baharia, and Farafra—used to provide the most excellent duck shooting, but when first I knew these 'Islands of the Blessed,' as the Romans called them, it was in the days immediately after the War when all firearms were prohibited and there were miles of malaria-ridden marshes that have now been drained. Things have changed for the worse or, to be more exact, the better since then and I believe the sport obtainable now can best be described as uncertain and intermittent.

A very amusing episode occurred at Beris, the southernmost village in the big Oasis of Kharga, when I was Governor there

sixteen years ago. I had gone there on inspection, and owing to some contingency, probably the high temperature, we were out of meat and it meant goat's flesh for dinner unless I could obtain a duck. I went out with the gun, but as luck would have it duck were very short in the market that evening and I was about to return with an empty bag when I spotted a flight of seven pintail on a pool. The pintail is one of the wariest of the duck family, so I crawled right into a patch of reeds and crouched in the mud while my two newly enlisted gun-boys went round to drive the birds over my head. All went well at first—the duck rose and came straight for me, but then, just before they came within shot, they swerved away to the right and disappeared. The reason for their behaviour was a particularly silly-looking individual in a white *galabiya*, who had arrived after I had taken up my position and who was standing bolt upright close behind me.

With a snort of exasperation, I stalked off in the direction the duck had taken, located them again half a mile away and arranged another drive, to have it upset from precisely the same cause with the same individual playing the leading part. With a still louder snort and boiling with rage I walked another half-mile, sent out the gun-boys, and lay down under a high bank. The duck once again came straight for me, to swing off at the last moment as my pertinacious friend of the inane smile came strolling towards me along the top of the bank. He held out his hand to greet me as I rose from my lair smothered with mud, and I fetched him the most glorious resounding box on the ear.

‘What was that for?’ he asked, in pained surprise.

‘For deliberately driving those duck away on three occasions,’ I snarled.

‘Duck?’ he said; ‘I haven’t seen any duck. I was just following you around to see why you kept lying down in the mud.’

It is so difficult to convince the Oriental that the English as a nation are not mad when definite proof of their insanity is constantly provided by such actions as lying almost prostrate in the mud for no reason. To explain that one was trying to get a shot at a flying duck would merely have aggravated the situation and confirmed suspicions of deranged mentality, for what man in his senses fires a cartridge at flying birds when with a little trouble the contents of two barrels can be put into thirty duck sitting still on the water?

A bird that is fairly plentiful over all the Western Desert and

Sinai is the Lesser Bustard, but personally I have never been able to bring myself to shoot one. The chief reason for this is that one always sees them in couples and I cannot bear the thought of breaking up a pair of birds when they are of those varieties that mate for life. It is said they are the most delicious eating, but the only one I ever tasted was shot with a rifle by one of my Squadron of Yeomanry during the South African War and, though we were in a state of semi-starvation at that particular time—in fact I never had a square meal during the whole of that war—I was not vastly impressed with the meat. Probably our method of cooking it was at fault, but I have never had any burning desire to repeat the dish.

In both the West and in Sinai the Beduin hunt the bustard with falcons, though the practice seems to be fast dying out, for very few Arabs can now afford the luxury of hawking. The birds used are the goshawk, the peregrine, and more particularly the Saker, a falcon a trifle larger than the peregrine that is found in North Africa and Eastern Europe. I once went hawking with some Arab friends and we set forth in the most derelict and overloaded Ford I have ever seen. The party consisted of seven, including myself, and mixed up with the tightly packed humanity in the car were six hawks, a Saluki dog with mange, and two very noisy cockerels in a small bag. I was not quite certain what part the chickens were going to play in the day's proceedings, but whatever it was they strongly disapproved of the whole entertainment and squawked loudly whenever the dog or one of the party trod on the bag, and we did it often.

We flushed our first bustard after about an hour's run, the car stopped with a jerk that would have sent myself and the O.C. Hawks, hawks and all, through the wind-screen if the car had been provided with one, and we jumped out and loosed a falcon. The bustard made off with his lumbering, heavy flight and the falcon, after a moment's hesitation caused by loud squawks from the cockerels who were being trodden on for the twentieth time as the party scrambled out of the car, flew upwards till he was over the bustard. Immediately the bustard realised his danger he dropped like a stone into a scrub bush, and my Arab friend then explained to me that the bustard had a very remarkable form of defence and that it would be interesting to see if the falcon, who was young and untrained, would be cute enough to avoid it. I could not quite understand from the Sheikh's Arabic what

this defence was, and when I had a practical demonstration was not surprised that I had failed to grasp the revolting details. To be exact, the bustard crouched with his tail spread out fanwise, and at the moment when the falcon came swooping on to him he was apparently afflicted with a violent attack of diarrhoea and the whole discharge went into the hawk's face. It was a very considerable discharge, too, and the young entry had all his hunting instincts knocked out of him in a flash. He beat his way rapidly upwards into the air and evidently contemplated resigning from his position as a trained hawk on the spot and taking to the wilds again, and it was at this stage of the proceedings that I discovered the part the chickens were to play. My Arab friend, seeing his falcon disappearing into the blue, rushed for the bag, pulled out a protesting bird, and holding it by its legs swung it round his head. The cockerel let fly the most heart-rending shrieks, and the falcon, checking its flight, suddenly swung round and came back with such a desperate swoop that the old man had only just time to pop the bird back into the bag when the hawk was on him. Whatever the falcon's opinions about bustards might be, he had no doubt in his mind that chickens were not only extremely good to eat but were also irreproachable so far as their table manners were concerned.

This ended my day's hawking, for we saw no more bustard, but I did not feel that my time had been wasted, as I had seen for myself a most novel and effective defence put up by an apparently harmless bird.

LONDON INTERLUDE.

BY NATALA KOREL.

THEY were three of the dirtiest children I have ever seen. My first inclination was to give them some coppers and walk on, but there was something about those delightfully grimy faces, crowned with matted hair, that made me stop and answer their questions. I had just come out of an art gallery in Bond Street where the pictures of Pissarro, Picasso, Renoir and others had suffused and delighted my senses, and I hardly noticed the incongruous small group of the three urchins—in fact, I would not have noticed them at all had I not felt a tug at the sleeve of my coat.

‘Wot’s in there?’

His hand still tugged unconsciously at my sleeve. He must have been about ten, and the girl about the same. They were both fairly ragged, but compared with the third, the smallest by far, they were extremely tidy. This baby looked at me very gravely for a second, and then grinned affably, displaying a toothless upper gum. He had reached the age when teeth drop out unawares, but was as unconscious of it as he was of two sockless legs thrust into boots many sizes too large, and what had once been a Norfolk jacket probably worn with an air of superiority by some more fortunate child nearly twice his age.

I tried to look severe, but six eager eyes really wanted to know what was behind that door through which I had just emerged, and I suddenly had a vision of what would happen if I took them in! Who would be the more startled, the semi-intellectual snobs gazing appraisingly if somewhat vacantly at the canvases, or the children themselves who probably thought the door led to a sort of Aladdin’s Cave? I laughed. This was the signal for a positive bombardment of tugs and questions. Their voices were slightly hoarse—the voices of children who live under conditions that encourage permanent colds.

‘Aw, you just come ahrt. Tell us.’

I gently removed his grubby hand and held it in mine. The baby promptly possessed himself of the other one and the girl confronted me with angry eyes.

'I know. You just want ter be narsty. You won't tell.'

I looked down from my far greater height and studied her. This promised to be difficult. The situation was saved for me by the baby, who put his chin on my hand and opened his eyes as wide as possible as he stared up at me.

'Want ter see too,' he said, and grinned again encouragingly.

We were beginning to attract the attention of the passers-by, but I knew how hard it was going to be to get them away from that door. A thought suddenly struck me. Of course they had hoped to find Father Christmas in there, or at least something to do with him. It was just a few weeks before Christmas, and they must have drifted as far as Bond Street, lured by endless stretches of gay shop windows, regardless of the filthy weather or the cold or anything save the wish to see. This was not going to be so difficult after all! I would give them some money, buy them some chocolates and get rid of them. But I was no longer so sure that I wanted to get rid of them. I was beginning to enjoy them!

'What do you think is in there?' I enquired of the big boy.

'We dunno, we wants ter see,' he replied firmly.

'But why just this place?' I argued.

'Cos we thought it looked nice,' said the girl politely.

'They wouldn't let you in,' I said, in order to see what effect this would have. The boy snatched his hand away and thrust it in his pocket.

'Oh,' he said defiantly. 'Why not?'

I pictured him, a square-jawed revolutionary ten years later, saying the same thing with precisely the same expression and intonation. Some employer of the future was not going to have an easy time!

'Because you are all too young, and anyway there are only dull pictures to see. You wouldn't like them even if you did get in.'

They did not want to believe me. They eyed me with obvious distrust, all except the baby who was tired, and leaned against my leg for a little support.

'But we wants ter see pictures.'

The argument promised to be long and heated.

'Yus,' echoed the girl, 'we does.'

'But not that kind,' I persisted. 'You like moving pictures, don't you?'

The boy nodded his head dubiously. 'We do too, but we've

seen those up 'ome. We wants somethink different ter see, that's why we've come 'ere. Are they funny ?'

He jerked his head towards the door, and I took the cue.

'Not at all,' I said very definitely. 'They are dull and old——' I had a bright idea, '—and there aren't even any people in them.' I ended triumphantly.

This seemed to have a dampening effect. They were almost incredulous.

'Wot ? No fices ? Nothink like that ?' He seemed crest-fallen.

'Wot is in them then ?' This from the girl, who was the most distrusting by far.

'Nothing much at all,' I rejoined lightly. 'Only trees and houses and more trees and things like that.'

I had ruthlessly destroyed their glorious illusions. It was up to me to make amends. That they really believed me I could see by their faces. Suddenly the girl grabbed the baby and turned to the boy.

'Come on, 'Erb, it ain't no use of 'anging abarht 'ere. Let's go.'

I looked at the three pathetic morsels of humanity, and my vague desire to make amends took on definite shape.

'I have a good idea,' I said brightly. 'At least I hope it is. Let's all go and have something to eat and drink, and then you must go home.'

The three stood in front of me blocking up the entire pavement. People passing us had to step off into the gutter to get round us, or squeeze past the window. I waited patiently for them to make up their minds. They surveyed me critically as if to decide whether I was serious or a bit mad or only slightly drunk. It is tragically true of Cockney children that they very rarely have any spontaneous reaction of joy to an unusual suggestion. Their instinct all too often is to think carefully for a few minutes, to detect the 'snag.'

I waited. None of them said a word. I turned on my heel and walked away. They followed slowly, still in silence. I could see them out of the tail of my eye as they followed close on my heels. At the bottom of the street I turned.

'Hullo ! I'm glad you decided to come too. I'm hungry and thirsty and want tea and lots of cakes, and it's awful to have all that alone.'

Whether it was the thought of mountains of cake and lakes of

tea, or just adventure that swung the balance in my favour, I never knew. They had made up their minds. The baby once more clutched my hand, and we set off in the direction of Piccadilly to one of those palaces erected to the glorification of mass food consumption. They had probably hung round the doors of this place often enough, watching well-dressed, clean, sleek children going in and out, not with any envy gnawing at their little hearts, but a kind of dumb curiosity shadowed with a certain amount of pleasure. Their lot in life was certainly not anything like that, but theirs not to question why . . .

We entered proudly, and ran the gauntlet of hundreds of pairs of outraged eyes. We kept very close together, like a tiny flock of black sheep braving an endless sea of fleecy white ones. The children's eyes were in grave danger of falling right out of their heads, but no sound passed their lips. I had a fleeting idea that our entrance would be barred, but a good fur coat is proof against more than the cold, and certain hats have a way of sitting on your head that makes you feel you can defy kings on their thrones. In we sailed, the four of us, and were soon installed at a table that gave us all an excellent view of the orchestra, and the skimmed cream of outer suburbia sipping tea, surrounded with Christmas parcels.

I took off my gloves without so much as a look at the battery of simpering glances, and started a serious and prolonged conference with my guests.

'Well, children, what is it to be?'

They had not yet found their voices, and when they did, it was to speak in awed whispers.

'Come along, Herbert, you are the eldest, so you can choose first. What would you like? Tea? No, that's too dull. What about some hot chocolate?' I looked at the other two. 'For all of us, yes?'

I was wrong.

'No, thank you,' said the girl. 'I want ice-cream.'

I shivered. Ice-cream! Well, it was their party, they could freeze if they wanted to. I looked at Herbert. His face wore a worried look, as if he had not been given sufficient time to solve this major problem.

'Well, Herbert? Ice-cream?'

The waitress had sidled up to us reluctantly. She glanced at me sideways, and her already tilted nose rose a bit higher.

The baby still held my hand fast, and I released it to try to take his hair out of his eyes, but he grabbed it feverishly again.

'Herbert, what do you think he would like? May he have an ice too?' I enquired.

Herbert collected his thoughts and relinquished his personal problem for a second.

'Spect so, if 'e wants one.'

The waitress shifted from one hip to the other. I took the situation in hand.

'Hands up for ices,' I said firmly.

Three hands went up and then as quickly down again, as they remembered where they were.

I looked at the waitress. 'Three ices, mixed. Lots of bread and butter, brown and white, lots of cakes, all sorts, and China tea for me.'

She departed briskly, and as she passed down the room I noticed she received sympathetic smiles from the others.

While we were waiting, I determined to find out something about my waifs. They had all put their hands on the table, and left large black smudges on the cloth.

I looked at the girl, absorbed in her surroundings.

'What's your name?' I asked.

'Maria.'

'Thank you, Maria. And what is your name?' I pulled the baby's hair.

Maria chimed in. 'E ain't nothink. 'E's just Tom.'

Tom, apparently used to being nothing, did not reply. He had been staring at the orchestra, at the moment having a rest, and the warmth of the room was making his nose run. He wiped it on the sleeve of his jacket which kept on falling right over his hand, being far too long. Then he got tired of doing that, and I hastily gave him my handkerchief before he requisitioned the tablecloth. He sniffed at it, and then looked at me, then sniffed it again, and the grin that I was beginning to love covered his face. Maria snatched it away from him and sniffed too, then handed it to Herbert with the remark, 'Coo, stink.' He put it in his pocket, and just when Tom was about to claim it in no uncertain terms, the waitress arrived with our order, and we all settled down to do full justice to it.

The influence of the ices was warming! They thawed to such purpose that they started clamouring for more. I was afraid they

would all be sick on the spot, but there was nothing for it but to order more. Two ices and an orangeade each, bread and cakes, cakes and bread! I was sure of disaster if we stayed longer.

Out in the street once more, I felt much safer. I shepherded them across the street to the tube station, with the intention of finding out where they lived and sending them home.

'Where do you live, Herbert?'

This was a mistake. I saw Maria pull his sleeve, and he was immediately on the defensive.

'Wot's that got ter do wi' you?' he enquired shortly.

'Nothing at all, except that I want to buy you tickets for the train. Or do you go by 'bus?' I smiled at Maria.

I still think that child must have lived in an atmosphere of cruel mistrust.

'Well, if yer wants ter know, we lives at 'Arringay,' said Herbert reluctantly.

I was sure this visit to the West End was an escapade, and said as much. Herbert shifted uneasily.

'And what if Tom's mother is looking for him?' I went on. 'You had better take him back as quickly as you can. Anyway, where did you get the money to come all this way?'

I eyed the culprits severely. To my surprise, Maria owned up.

'Well, yer see, Ma guv me shoppin' money and I met 'Erb wiv Tom and we done this instead, see?'

I thought grimly of Ma, and what she would do when the child returned.

'How much did she give you?' I asked.

'A bob—a 'ole bob!'

It was as if the enormity of her crime had just dawned on her, and she started to sniff. I gave her the money and told her to buy the things on the way back. I left them on the escalator, armed with tickets and enough money to buy what they wanted for Christmas. The last I saw of them was Herbert, counting the coins as if his life depended on it, and Maria dragging Tom on to the moving stairway in a manner guaranteed to break his neck the quickest way possible.

Did I say that was the last I saw of them? . . .

Half an hour later, I myself went down the same escalator, and found them trying to walk up the one that was moving down!

They saw me, and earned my respect for not trying to run away. Quite affably they greeted me, and I made no comment. Tom,

hugely delighted, rushed to grab my hand, and we all went on to the platform to wait for the train.

It was Maria who once more surprised me, by begging to see me again. I had not thought of that, of course. But why not?

In two short hours I felt I had started to know these children. I wanted to know them better. I would certainly see them again. I made them promise to get permission from their mothers to come to my rooms the following week, and I would take them to Kensington Gardens to sail boats on the Round Pond. When I got out of the train at South Kensington, I was rewarded with a genuine smile from Maria.

Many times, during the week that followed, I found myself wondering if they would come. I hoped so. On the appointed day, I bought a large bag of buns to feed the mews that find their way to the Round Pond in the winter. I waited.

Two o'clock . . . half-past . . . three o'clock . . . half-past . . . a very timid knock on my door. I opened, and my heart sank. There, standing on the threshold, were three of the cleanest children you could see! I looked at their faces in dismay. Herbert's hair was plastered to look like patent leather, his cheeks shone with soap. I looked closer—yes, even his ears were unnaturally clean. My eyes wandered to Maria, and she too shone from every pore, her hair tied up with a suspiciously new piece of baby-ribbon, evidently bought with some of the money I had given her.

And Tom? Yes, he too had been mercilessly scrubbed, but heaven be praised, revolt must have broken out before they got to his ears—they were gloriously black. I could have hugged him for that, but he did not give me time; he marched in and clasped me round both knees. I hoped all this menacing cleanliness would wear off after a short while, and their unnatural silence with it. I was wrong once more. The silence was not due to that, and it was Tom who divulged what the others feared to broach.

'Arry come wiv us,' he beamed, dragging me to the door.

I looked questioningly at the others. Maria nudged Herbert, who nudged back, trying to make her speak. She suddenly burst out with a flood of explanation.

'Yer see, it were like this 'ere. We told 'im abarht yer and 'e said it weren't true. 'Erb fought 'im fer that, but 'e still stuck that it weren't true, and then we 'ad a ideah, we show 'im the 'andkerchief wot you 'ad full of stink, but all 'e said were that

we'd stole it or fahnd it, so 'Erb punched 'im fer that, and we left 'im. Then Tom 'ere, like the squirt 'e is, told 'Arry we 'ad money from yer, and show 'im some, and then he 'ad ter berlieve it, and 'e said 'e'd tell Ma and 'Erbert's Ma and 'is own Ma if we didn't bring 'im wiv us, so yer see we 'ad ter, now 'adn't we ?'

'But I told you to get permission from your mothers before coming here to-day,' I argued. 'I should send you all home at once.'

I managed not to smile. Herbert looked as if he had taken a sudden decision to commit murder, and grinding his teeth he said to Maria: 'There y'are! I told yer 'Arry comin' 'ad ter muck up everythink,' and he resolutely made for the door.

I, being nearer, got there first, and decided to save Harry and prevent the slaughter. I saw him sitting on the stairs, about half-way down. He stood up and looked sheepishly at me. He was much too fat for his ten or twelve years, and I expected the buttons to pop off his clothes as he stood breathing rather hard, unable to find anything to say.

'Come along, Harry,' I said. 'We are going to the Round Pond, and I'd like you to come with us.'

He shambled past me into the room and was greeted with scorn.

'There y'are, smarty. See? She is 'er.' And Maria pointed at me as I put on my hat and coat. Tom came and rubbed his face on the fur and his blue eyes met mine in a troubled gaze.

'Let's send 'im 'ome,' he said indistinctly, through gums that had lost two more teeth since I had seen him last. 'We don' want ter bovver wiv 'im,' he continued persuasively, 'do we? We fahnd yer, and we wants ter keep yer—fer us.'

This was endorsed spontaneously by Maria and Herbert, who stood eyeing Harry with extreme disfavour. I felt sorry for him. After all, he was entitled to be a doubting Thomas under the circumstances, and it was a pretty safe guess that later he would be made to pay in full for his unwelcome presence. Probably the Round Pond, boats, birds, and buns would solve the difficulty and wipe out any differences, at least until they all got home again. I gave Herbert the buns to carry, and firmly opened the door. . . . By the time we got to the 'bus-stop, all that seemed to matter was, who would sail the boats first and who feed the birds. They argued all the way, and regarded me as a sort of referee. . . .

'Tom didn't ought ter sail a boat, did 'e, Miss?' from Maria.

'I don't see why not,' I retorted. 'I can help him.'

'Neither didn't 'e ought ter feed birds. 'E carn't chuck 'igh enough, can 'e, Miss?' from Herbert.

'We'll see what he feels like,' I replied. 'He might be able to throw quite high enough.'

'Wot? 'E feel like? 'E don't never feel nothink. 'E just is.'

I seemed to remember a somewhat similar remark about him before. I looked at him, sitting quietly beside me, but he seemed to have heard nothing. He stared ecstatically in front of him, looking like an exceedingly mortal cherub.

'Tom is going to do exactly what he likes,' I said.

This seemed to end the argument, and they spent the rest of the ride discussing the speeds of 'buses and trams, and why they go faster than horses.

Mercifully the day was unusually mild for that time of year, and there was quite a lot of activity at the Round Pond. For a while my four stood and watched the proceedings. They were a silent little group, in sharp contrast to the children all around, both in appearance and behaviour. They seemed not to hear all the shouting of the others, in fact they were oblivious of the presence of anybody at all. They concentrated all their attention on the boats, sailing gaily along, or sinking rapidly—much to the loud chagrin of the owners.

Suddenly one tiny yacht skimmed across and grounded at the spot nearest Herbert's feet. There was an immediate rush, and they were surrounded by a dozen or more triumphant youngsters, all grabbing at it at the same time. I watched to see what they would do. Herbert, galvanised into action, bent down and picked it up. There was an instant rush, and a dozen voices yelled for it. That seemed to break the ice. By tacit consent they were amalgamated into the group, and I was left alone with Tom. There is no class distinction among sportsmen!

Tom and I chose a boat, and retired to a less inhabited piece of shore, to start sailing in earnest. He showed no inclination to play with the others. We were sufficient unto ourselves, absorbed in our craft, on which we loaded as much gravel cargo as we dared, before pushing it off to a foreign land.

It must have been nearly an hour later that he suddenly lost interest in the game.

'I'm most 'ungry,' he said.

He was not in the least petulant or pressing. It was a state

ment of fact, and my conscience leaped accordingly. He had probably said it precisely like that many a time in his baby life, without any result. He did not seem to expect anything to happen about it at all. I suddenly remembered the buns we had brought for the birds and not yet used, and looked across for Herbert, who had been entrusted with them. There was no sign of him. The other children all seemed to be there, but my three had vanished. I looked wildly round, through the trees, down the Broad Walk . . . and there, on a bench, were the miscreants gobbling up the buns. I grabbed Tom, telling him to walk very quietly like me, and we made a circuit round the back of the bench like two dark conspirators. They suspected nothing, and went on chewing merrily.

I heard Harry say, 'Lumme, fancy wantin' ter give these 'ere ter birds! She must be barmy!'

Maria started to champion me valiantly, but blew half the currants out of her mouth in the attempt, so gave it up.

Tom's eyes were shining with joy. He had forgotten his hunger and pressed his finger tightly to his lips in an effort to silence his feet!

'Ha!' I said, in a loud voice.

The effect was electric. All chewing stopped, and they turned round, cheeks bulging with bun. Harry looked like a very inflated balloon, and it was all I could do not to burst out laughing. Instead, I strode to the tell-tale bag still open on the seat, and took possession of it. Thank heaven there was one whole one left. I handed it to Tom, and then eyed the others casually.

'He is hungry too,' I said nonchalantly, and sat down.

They swallowed in ashamed silence, and I said no more until Tom had finished eating, a fairly long and complicated process owing to lack of teeth. The silence was positively oppressive and I had to think of something to end it.

'Whoever gets to the big gates down there first, can choose whatever they like at the sweet stall,' I announced.

The atmosphere snapped. They jumped up and tore down, Tom struggling bravely in the rear. Suddenly I noticed Maria stop and come sedately back.

'I'm sorry abarht the buns,' she said. 'It were 'Arry's ideah. I didn't think you ought ter think it were 'Erb.'

Before I could reply, she turned and fled after the others.

We returned to my room for a picnic tea. Before they left,

I invited them to come to the pantomime at Drury Lane. Then, at last, for the first time, I saw them give way to excitement. It was with difficulty I got them into their homeward train that afternoon.

I looked forward with delighted anticipation to the event. The tickets were there, propped up on the mantelpiece in their envelope. I still had days to wait. In the meantime work claimed all my time. . . .

And then the cable arrived. I was to leave for abroad at once — 'imperative no delay.'

For the next three days I was entirely submerged. Tickets to buy, trunks to pack, calls to pay, all the fever-pitch paraphernalia that makes unexpected long-distance travelling more devastating than the plague.

It was not until the last morning that my eye fell on the solitary envelope lying on the mantelpiece.

My children and their pantomime! What to do? Where send it? I had never thought of getting their address.

I wrote them a note telling them to use the tickets, and left it with my landlady. . . .

. . . As we steamed up the Channel I stood on deck, watching England fade and merge into the fog. When would I see it again? In a year, or more? What would have become of my three little Cockneys by then? Would they really believe I had to leave suddenly? I could see Tom's adorable, toothless grin. . . . Why, by that time, new ones will have grown. Yes, of course, he will have a new kind of grin altogether. . . .

I stepped through the saloon door. It slammed behind me.

IDLINGS IN A ROYAL LIBRARY.

BY DESMOND CHAPMAN-HUSTON.

WE are apt to think that the weekly newspaper articles in which Mr. Ralph Strauss, Mr. L. A. G. Strong, Mr. Humbert Wolfe, Mr. Harold Nicolson and their colleagues outrun all their women competitors in praising undiscovered genius are a phenomenon, regrettable or otherwise, of our own times. Yet this is by no means so. Even the activities of contemporary rival Book Clubs are not original and, as we know from *The Critic*, the puff direct, the puff preliminary, the puff collateral, the puff collusive, the puff oblique, and the puff by implication have long been with us.

Some time ago when turning over United States editions of some English books on the shelves of the Library in the Royal Palace in Madrid I was reminded of the truism that even in modern book publicity there is little that is actually new. In the room in the Royal Palace in which I worked during the autumn of 1930 and spring of 1931 there seemed to be no English books published much later than the first half of the eighteenth century. For the most part they had a dejected, neglected second-hand sort of air as if they were the poor relations of a ducal family of great pretensions but faded hopes. These volumes, one thought, were once fresh and ambitious, seeking for and hopeful of the suffrages of thousands of readers, ambitious of success and perhaps not uncovetous of fame.

When weary of trying to disentangle the exact relationships of the seemingly countless members—nearly all bearing the same Christian names—of the Royal House of Bourbon d'Orleans, Bourbon d'Espagne, Bourbon d'Anjou, Bourbon-Deux-Siciles, Bourbon Parme and Bourbon unadulterated, I liked, in particular, to turn to the advertisement appended to the various volumes of a compilation entitled the *Cabinet of History* conducted by the Rev. Dionysius Lardner, LL.D., F.R.S., L. & E., M.R.I.A., F.R.A.S., F.L.S., F.B.S., Hon.F.C.P.S., etc., etc. The Reverend gentleman appears to have been what the Americans call a 'joiner'! Nevertheless, at least three-quarters of his academic qualifications do not seem to have been such as would carry much weight outside

his home town—wherever that may have been. Somewhat oddly he described himself as being ‘assisted by Eminent Literary Men “who sleep in unknown graves”’!

Volume one of the *Cabinet* dealt with Spain and Portugal, and that in all probability is why I first took it down from its somewhat dusty shelf. It was published in 1832 by Carey and Lea, Chestnut Street, Philadelphia—the firm never defaced their title-page with the inelegant ‘Pa.’ By the way, difficult though it be to avoid, I must not adopt the habit of speaking of this ‘attempt first in our language’ as if it were dead because, as Frederick Lord Dufferin said in his wellnigh perfect introduction to his delightful mother’s volume of *Poems and Verses*, ‘a book once published has put on the robes of immortality.’

The clothes and surroundings of our ancestors are sometimes of more interest than their personalities, and it so happened that I found myself preferring the addenda of the *Cabinet* to its contents. With commendable punctuality and speed the Rev. Dionysius brought out the first two volumes of his great work in 1832 and the last three in 1833, number five, the concluding volume, having a ‘much fuller catalogue.’

At the end of volume two of the *Cabinet* I found a list of works ‘just published by Carey and Lea.’ It led off with the ‘*Private Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte* from the French of M. Fauvelet de Bourrienne, Private Secretary to the Emperor. Second American Edition, with great additions: complete in one volume.’ Strictly speaking, the announcement left it in doubt as to whether ‘Napoleon Bonaparte’ and ‘the Emperor’ were one and the same person. But no matter. Contemporary readers understood the obscurity well enough. American Republican sentiment, and the English narrow-mindedness epitomised by Hudson Lowe, were alike appeased by calling him plain Napoleon Bonaparte, while spinster subscribers to the circulating libraries were titivated by the reminder that, after all, he was (for a time) an Emperor. An anonymous paragraphist is quoted as praising ‘the literary accomplishments and moral qualifications’ of the author—the ‘moral qualifications,’ apparently, being that he was a traitor, a liar and a scandal-monger! But let us remember what was written (and believed) in England about the Emperor Wilhelm the Second during the European War and, with due humility and shame, avoid the seat of the scornful. *The Times* characteristically announced that ‘no person who is desirous rightly to appreciate the character

of Bonaparte will neglect this work.' One can almost hear the pompous and pontifical scribe hopping gingerly over the danger of a split infinitive. The *Morning Post* asserted that the volume was 'the completest personal recollections of Napoleon that have appeared,' apparently quite oblivious of the fact that they were not Napoleon's recollections at all, but only those of Bourrienne—a fact of which the publishers also seemed in doubt.

The next volume announced has, in truth, a perennial interest. It was the '*Narrative of a Voyage to the Pacific and Behring's Strait* to co-operate with the Polar Expeditions: performed in His Majesty's Ship *Blossom*, under the command of Capt. F. W. Beechey, R.N., in the years 1825, 26, 27, 28. 8vo.' The *Quarterly* describes it as 'the most interesting of the whole series of expeditions to the North Pole,' while *Blackwood's* unequivocally declared that the expedition 'would be for ever memorable,' and the *Literary Gazette* pronounced the narrative as a 'lasting monument to the gallant Captain's own abilities and an honour to his country.' By the way, why is it that the perfectly good word narrative went out of fashion with long titles?

Cheek by jowl with the great works enumerated we have particulars of a volume on the *Progress of Ethical Philosophy* by one Sir James Mackintosh, M.P. (could he have been a Scot?), which in the humble opinion of the critic of the *National Gazette* was the

'best offspring of the pen of an author who in philosophical spirit, knowledge and reflection, richness of moral sentiment, and elegance of style, has altogether no superior—perhaps no equal—among his contemporaries. Some time ago we made copious extracts from this beautiful work. We could not recommend the book too earnestly.'

Knowledge and reflection, richness of moral sentiment, elegance of style, copious extracts. All the literary clichés of the period. Somehow the praise does not ring true. One has the feeling that the writer was paying off some trifling obligation—or was it that he was merely a brother Scot?

The *Lit. Gazette* (elsewhere abbreviated to the *Lit. Gaz.*, has now at least part of its name in full), praising *The Alhambra*, found with apparent astonishment that Washington Irving's work 'had lost nothing of its charm.' A writer in the *New Monthly Magazine* was most certainly not a Scotsman. He descried in *The Bravo* by Cooper, the American author of *The Spy*, *Pilot*, *Red Rover*,

etc. in 2 vols. 12mo, 'more mental power, more matter that sets people thinking, more of that quality that is accelerating the onward movement of the world' (what could it have been) 'than in all the Scotch novels that have so deservedly won our admiration.' This was all very well so far as it went, but the *N.Y. Courier and Express* was never going to let down a countryman: for it *The Bravo* was 'full of dramatic interest,' 'hair-breadth escapes'—'animated and bustling scenes in the canals, in the prisons, on the Rialto, in the Adriatic, and in the streets of Venice.'

But we must now leave America and return to England as described in *Salmonia: or Days of Fly Fishing* by Sir H. Davy, which the *Gentleman's Magazine* found 'one of the most delightful labours of leisure ever seen.' Next we have mentioned Sir William Jardine's edition of White's *Selborne* and, for once, the critic did not overshoot the mark when the *Athenæum* declared boldly that it was 'the most fascinating piece of rural writing and sound English philosophy that has ever issued from the press.'

And yet the recently combined *New Statesman and Nation* has dropped the fine old name *Athenæum*. Why?

Mrs. Somerville was announced as being responsible for a volume which discoursed on the *Mechanism of the Heavens*; and astronomy, so to speak, being in the air, *The Family Cabinet Atlas* was also announced; its advent being buttressed by no less than fourteen extracts from divers literary journals occupying a whole page of very small print in the catalogue. Here we have the puff direct of the period at its brightest and best. The *Intelligencer*, typical of all the others, is almost tearful, asserting in a sentence of doubtful grammatical validity that 'It is a crying shame in this age of intellect, if this able and beautiful work be not extensively patronised.'

The 'Elegant Library Editions' of the works—inevitable phrase—of Joanna Baillie, Henry Fielding, Tobias Smollett, and the Hon. George Canning lead us to *Select Speeches of the Rt. Hon. William Huskisson and of the Rt. Hon. William Wyndham*, with which, perhaps fortunately, we need not unduly concern ourselves.

Dr. Lardner, as the Rev. Dionysius was sometimes described, was evidently a great believer in *Cabinet Cyclopædias* because some twelve or fourteen pages of the catalogue are taken up with matter concerning these compendiums of tactful plagiarisms, amongst the contributors being our Scots friend Sir James Mackintosh, who heads the list—coming even before the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Clogher, who, however, is humbly followed by Sir Walter Scott,

Bart. For once Northern Ireland had no grievance, although Southern Ireland might legitimately be annoyed because Thomas Moore—without any addenda of gentility—although he is given precedence to the Baron Charles Dupen, is made to follow John Frederick William Herschell, Esq., Poet Laureate. S. T. Coleridge, Esq., the last man on the list, being, so to speak, amongst the also rans.

Dr. Lardner himself, most versatile of men, was a regular Admirable Crichton, because amongst his multifarious duties as general editor he finds time (or so he asserts) to be solely responsible for *A Treatise on Hydrostatics and Pneumatics* which the *U.S. Journal* discovered to be written 'with a full knowledge of the subject.' Perhaps. But by whom? Possibly by one of the 'Eminent Literary and Scientific Men' who with such anonymous modesty (while sleeping in unknown graves) aided the indefatigable Doctor.

But now we get into really deep water. Who was Sir James Mackintosh? We have him announced as the author of a *Biography of British Statesmen* containing the 'Lives of Sir Thomas More.' Was the Saint—as he now is—catlike in having more than one? Then follows Sir James's *History of England* in 8 vols.; taking precedence of the *History of Scotland* by Sir Walter Scott in 2 vols.; and lastly, we arrive at the *History of France* in 3 vols. by T. B. Macaulay, Esq., M.P., which the *Monthly Magazine* found 'worthy to figure with the works of his associates, the best of their day, Scott and Mackintosh'! Was Macaulay really pleased at being bracketed with Sir James? Possibly not; but then in all generations authors are an ungrateful lot.

It would appear that even in those days great noblemen could venture with credit into print, and, if they so desired, be indiscreet there. The *Marquess of Londonderry's narrative of the Late War in Germany and France*, according to the reviewer in the *Globe*, introduced its readers 'into the cabinets and presence of the allied monarchs.' It showed 'the course pursued by the wily Bernadotte, the temporising Metternich and the ambitious Alexander.' The *American Traveller* asserted that the author had 'singular facilities.' No doubt he had. How we envy him those 'singular facilities' and wonder—without having the energy to find out—just what literary use the most noble Marquess made of them. The *Nashville Banner*—delicious title (almost as good as *The Skibereen Eagle*)—asserted without qualification that Lord Londonderry's was 'the

only authentic account of the memorable events' to which it referred.

Next we come to a certain Mr. A. Bolmar who must have been little less than a godsend in days when conversation was still an art, if a decaying one. This admirable gentleman was responsible for *A Collection of Colloquial Phrases* 'on every topic necessary to maintain conversation.' The word maintain is perhaps a little too strenuous for such an airy business. But Mr. Bolmar seemed to be assured that his method was unfailing. His volume was 'arranged under different heads, with numerous remarks on the peculiar pronunciation and use of various words.' One can imagine the social climber of those days—faint yet pursuing—making this a bedside book. Mrs. Malaprop, clearly, did not possess this treasure. How one would like to have seen Lady Sneerwell present her with an inscribed copy.

The *Medical Chirurgical Review* had, apparently, ambitions not unlike those of a popular contemporary daily. It examined at great length a work by John Abercrombie, M.D., published under a descriptive title that surely must in those days have seemed a little indiscreet? It was *Pathological and Practical Researches on Diseases of the Stomach, the Intestinal Canal, the Liver, and other Viscera of the Abdomen*. This, the first of some forty works on medical subjects, would seem to prove that our ancestors, English and American, were as much concerned about health as we are, and had ample stores of information at their disposal; moreover, no less than three volumes out of the forty dealt with the teeth; indeed, the volume entitled *American Dentistry* was in its ninth edition.

About that time a German nobleman, Prince Pückler-Muskau, obligingly made a tour through the southern and western parts of England. The Prince had a 'mind richly imbued with literature,' a 'fine taste for the arts,' his manner was 'absolutely fascinating.' His opinions, 'always valuable,' were calculated to 'teach us to see ourselves, not with our own eyes, but with the eyes of others.' Alas! in spite of his 'absolutely fascinating manner' the lessons taught us by the Prince have been, one fears, but imperfectly learned; but this is in no way the fault of his *La Belle Assemblée*, in which, over a century ago, he somewhat tearfully pointed out our greatest national shortcomings.

There is another volume published that year which, surely, must have had an immense success. Its priceless title, the last

word in elevated gentility, suggests depths of rapturous elegance almost too fragile and exquisite to be expressed in mere words. It is *Legends of the Library at Lilies* by the Lord and Lady There. In 2 vols. 12mo. The *Library Gazette* found these 'two delightful volumes with the pathos exquisitely relieved by gaiety; and the romantic legend well contrasted by the lively sketch from actual existence.' The *Library Gazette* would.

Another item from the catalogue announcements of that autumn was entitled *The Summer Fête. A Poem, with Songs*. By Thomas Moore, Esq., Author of *Irish Melodies*, etc. When is a poem not a song and a song not a poem? Being no authority on such high matters we can only abandon (with a genteel sigh) this exquisitely elegant speculation. To pursue it further would unduly enlarge the ambit of our ruminations.

Even so we must spare a paragraph for *The Wondrous Tale of Alroy: The Rise of Iskander*. By D'Israeli. Apparently, anticipating his peerage, he already disdained Christian names—if one of his race can be said to have such a thing! The *Athenæum* found 'Genius stamped on every page' of *Alroy*; but that famous journal was always very Conservative and by then 'D'Israeli' was a Tory hope, and doubtless already a 'shining' one because, as we know, in all he did D'Israeli insisted on glitter, and political glitter seems often to have the effect of enabling reviewers to perceive genius. The *Athenæum* writer ecstatically continues:

'Feelings such as the muse delights in abound, nay, overflow with a truly heroic loftiness of soul, such as influenced devout men of old when they warred for their country, glows and flashes through the whole narrative.'

Well, tastes differ, thank goodness. D'Israeli seems to have had an intoxicating effect on all reviewers. One expected some reserve in the pages of the *Athenæum*, but is nowise surprised when the *Monthly Magazine* becomes almost frantic with emotion. The author had 'visited the vast plains and the mighty rivers, the burning deserts, and the mystic rivers he describes.' A good touch, that. Later on the reviewer is on firmer ground than the bed of a 'mystic river' when he finds the book 'too acheingly brilliant. Every page loaded with poetical adornment.' Yet this was not all. Our old friend *Ibid.*, who, even then, must surely have been a little blasé, found 'sparkle on every page.'

In an article in a magazine published by the House of Murray

it will not be inappropriate to mention Byron. James Kennedy, M.D., of H.M. Medical Staff, in 8 vols. 12mo., told of *Conversations on Religion* with Lord Byron and others, held in Cephalonia, a short time previous to his Lordship's death. The *U.S. Gazette* in a review said : 'It is remarked by the author, that there was nothing in the manner of Lord Byron towards him during the conversations approaching levity, or anything that indicated a wish to mock at religion.' The author also recorded 'much conversation not concerned with religious lectures,' and used occasions to 'represent Lord Byron in a favourable light.'

Like the rest of us poor Byron was somewhat in need of being represented in a favourable light. It is a legitimate—though nowadays outmoded—attitude for a Memoir writer to adopt to his subject. Nor are any of us ungrateful to a reviewer who condescends to throw a favourable light on our literary efforts, however fitful, or even distorting, that light may prove to be.

In volume four the Carey and Lea of volumes one to three had become Carey, Lea and Blanchard, and they announced as on sale *Mansfield Park*, *Persuasion*, *Elizabeth Bennet*, or *Pride and Prejudice*, *Sense and Sensibility*, *Northanger Abbey* and *Emma*—all in 2 vols. Beneath this appears what might be called the puff fraternal : 'One of the first Female Novelists'—Sir Walter Scott. How our dear Jane would be jostled in the Sunday newspapers were she to make her appearance nowadays ! Far be it from me to question Sir Walter's syntax—but can one be one of the first ? The question reminds me of a story of my dear old friend the late Percy Armytage. Known to his intimates as 'P. A.' he was a devoted servant of the Royal family from the days when, as a personal friend, he helped the Duchess of Teck to arrange the wedding presents of her only daughter Princess May, until the day of his death ; he published a few years ago that most delightful volume of reminiscences *By the Clock of St. James's*. I was staying with him about the time the famous volume (his one ewe lamb) appeared, when one night after dinner he announced :

'Of course the King must have the *first* copy.'

'Yes, P. A. ; but what about the Queen ? After all you served her Mother, and Her Majesty has been a kind friend to you since her girlhood.'

'Ah, that's a poser. I must sleep on it.'

Next morning P. A. came down to breakfast full of triumph. The man who introduced round tables at St. James's Palace as a

means of settling awkward questions of precedence during international conferences was not to be easily beaten. The perfect courtier, he had found his solution.

'I have it, my friend; the King shall have the *first* copy, and the Queen *one* of the first copies.'

And so it was.

But to return to the *Cabinet of History*. The increased space occupied by the 'much fuller catalogue' enables the panegyrist to unburden himself after the manner of one of our contemporary publishers aching to pass on to a waiting world the great literary light they have miraculously just discovered in the gloom of their own dingy office. 'Miss Austen's Novels, Complete' are announced—and then the big guns are trained. I will no more vouch for the grammar of the announcement than I would for my own:

'Her merit considered, her perfection in one style, Miss Austen is the most appreciated Novelist of her time. The *Quarterly Review* (to its honour be it remembered) was the first critical authority which did justice to her merits, and that after the grave had closed over her unenvious and modest genius.'

However gratifying to her English publishers and to Messrs. Carey, Lea and Blanchard, the 'appreciation' from this august authority appears to have been a little too belated to do much to warm the heart of 'unenvious and modest' Jane. But that, alas! is common form with 'appreciation' whether personal, professional or public. One thinks of Florence Nightingale being ceremoniously handed the Order of Merit when she had both feet and half her head in the grave. (And here let me venture to suggest to certain eminent living writers, long since entitled to that Honour, that they need never abandon hope. When official recognition has been showered on all the second-raters a dribble or two may reach even them.)

Taking down volume three of the *Cabinet Cyclopædia* we find the publishers, in truly modern fashion, quoting one author in praise of the work of another. In the advertisements attached to *Our Village*, we are told that Miss Mitford describes Miss Austen as 'the most correct of female writers'—which is not the adjective we ourselves would have chosen. However, Miss Mitford, as a fellow authoress, must have known the right word with which to stimulate sales, and doubtless 'correct' was as effective then as 'suggestive' (in the bad sense) would be now. The *Quarterly*,

never far wrong, found Miss Austen's 'fables, in their own way, nearly faultless.' *Persuasion* was described by a critic in the same distinguished Review as 'one of the most elegant fictions of common life he ever remembers to have met with.' However, it is when writing of *Elizabeth Bennet, or Pride and Prejudice* that our *Quarterly Reviewer* really lets himself go. He declared—one can hardly believe that it was before the days of Miss Rebecca West and Miss Edith Shackleton—that the authoress :

'conducts her conversations with a regard to character hardly exceeded by Shakespeare himself. Like him, she shows as admirable a discrimination in the character of fools, as of people of sense : a merit far from common . . . Those who delight in the study of human nature, may improve in knowledge of it, and in the profitable application of that knowledge, by the perusal of such fictions.'

Nowadays, if a critic wants to send readers to a book he (or she) declares how wicked and demoralising it is and, forthwith, its sales soar upward, ever upward. Not so our ancestors—and, emphatically not, in the *Quarterly*.

But one last glance at our *Cabinet Cyclopædia*. The advertisement quoted in praise of Jane is antithetical in the most modern fashion. Having begun by quoting Scott's praise of her, it concludes : 'It is remarkable that Scott, who noticed with praise many inferior authors, never mentioned Miss Austen. *Examiner*.' That, if true, would hardly be less remarkable than the young Walter's failure to applaud Burns.

Praise of authors has become such common form in our literary journals and newspapers that persons of sobriety of mind and judgment are apt to be so disgusted with it that it sometimes has the undesigned effect of putting them off reading the belauded volume. We are apt to think this clamorous overstatement a characteristic of our own times, but, as has already been suggested, praise was bespattered quite as noisily and indiscriminatingly a hundred years ago.

THE BUR.

It was months later, back in town
 That I found it clinging to my gown—
 A small dried bur, yet potent, filled
 With power to hold the street sounds stilled
 And sweep me back to that autumn day
 When we took a new and untried way.
 How firm was the ground beneath our tread!
 How blue were the blue skies overhead!
 Do you remember the crows in flight?
 How we laughed to hearken their harsh delight
 As they settled again on the shocks of corn—
 Debonair robbers as ever were born!
 The ruddy apples along the way,
 The briars that caught us and bade us stay,
 The coral rose-hips, the sassafras,
 The fragile ghosts in the waving grass—
 Dim wraiths of flowers from summer's prime—
 Brittle and grey with the early rime.
 We passed them all, and at last we came
 Into the woodland . . .

Flame on flame

The glory mounted! From every tree
 Crimson and amber in ecstasy
 Mingled their notes till we seemed to hear
 The impassioned voice of the dying year
 In a last great choral—defying death
 With lips that shrank from his frosty breath!
 Dizzy with colour and drunk with wine
 Of the crystal air—O friend of mine,
 In that golden hour of simple joy
 I was just a girl, you were just a boy.
 We were youth eternal! How far away
 The cares and conflicts of yesterday!
 To-morrow? To-morrow was but a dream . . .
 Weary at last, by the little stream,

Still as the shadows mirrored there
 We sat in silence. Ah, who could bear
 To shatter that quiet into speech,
 To talk of duty, admonish, preach?
 I could not! The words that I meant to say
 Died on my lips . . .

But oh, that day
 Had I spoken, persuaded, tried to fire
 The dormant spirit with high desire,
 Perchance some word of them all had clung
 Like this small grey bur, till it pricked and stung.
 And I should not be breaking my heart to-day
 O my comrade, for words that I did *not* say!

JOSEPHINE JOHNSON.

Virginia, U.S.A.

WINTER CONSOLATION.

COME, let your hearts to thoughts be clinging
 Of dappled things and bright,
 Small humming-birds, and leafy singing,
 And wild geese poised for flight;
 A crooked tree in autumn, flinging
 Gold gauntlets to the world,
 And days when birds no more are singing,
 But snows are winter-swirled.
 What though the aged year is failing,
 A glory yet is hers,
 Clear winter skies, and bright clouds sailing
 Like sculptured mariners.
 What though the gorse no more is screening
 The headlands by the sea,
 There is a new yet ancient meaning
 About the naked tree.
 What though the cornfields that were leaning
 To catch the song of the lark
 Are garnered sheaves, there's starry gleanings
 By fires, in winter's dark.

HERBERT BLUEN.

MADAME DE MALITOURN'S COLD.

BY F. L. LUCAS.

'BUT, Madame?'

'Well, Perrette?'

'Madame said, the other day—when Madame de Villette was here—that the Princesse de Conti had trained her little dog to bite Monsieur le Prince——'

For a moment, propped on her pillows, Madame de Malitourn frowned into vacancy over the top of her book. 'You have no business to overhear things I say, Perrette. I never met such a little hurluberlu.' Then suddenly she half smiled; with two white teeth indenting her lower lip in suppressed amusement. 'Well?'

Perrette smiled also, framed there in the tall bedroom-window with her right hand grasping her left wrist, between eagerness and embarrassment. Shy but sly, with her light-brown hair and hazel eyes and roguishly pointed nose, she suggested a little fox, paw in air, reconnoitring a hen-roost. 'But please, Madame, was it *really* true?'

'What, when *I* said it! Doubt *my* word!'

'Madame is making fun of me.'

'Well, not quite true, Perrette. But true enough. Much too true.'

Madame de Malitourn's face darkened suddenly and her mouth set, with a little cynical bracket curling round each corner. She lifted her book again, as if to read; adding, in tones of slightly studied coldness, 'What the Princess actually said to me was—if you *must* know—"I think I shall have to train Pouf to bite the Prince; only his taste is so frightful that I am afraid it would upset poor Pouf as badly as it upsets me." But I expect she was joking.'

'Joking!' said Perrette with a mournful moue. She turned to gaze out of the window at the dun February afternoon. There was a silence. Only the raindrops dripped stolidly in the avenue, making and breaking again their brief bubbles in the puddles under the disconsolate elms. Occasionally the fire spluttered, like

a dog sneezing at cold water, as a stray drop descended the gaping blackness of the old chimney. Perrette sniffed. With the dry noise of a dead leaf rustling, a page of Madame de Malitourn's book turned over. But from under the canopy of her four-poster she had thrown a quick glance at her maid: 'Anything wrong, Perrette? Or is it just having caught my cold?'

'Wrong? No. . . . Ah, Madame will forgive me for asking. I know I am green—green as grass. I have never seen Paris, and I am terribly, terribly ignorant. But—is it *always* wrong for . . . the right people, for people of quality, to love their wives?'

With a shrug of amused despair Madame de Malitourn dropped her book on the mountain of counterpane made by her knees. 'My poor Perrette, the maggots you do get into your little head! "Love their wives!" Why not? Nothing against it. Why, there's Monsieur de Maurepas has never been a day away from his—for nearly half a century it must be, by now.'

'But Madame said . . .'

'Oh yes, people laugh at them—"How ridiculous!" Foxes without tails think nothing so ridiculous as foxes with.' 'Yes,' she went on, half to herself, 'it's odd that people can be so faithful to other people's wives, who couldn't to save their lives be faithful to their own.' Her voice rang hard with a sudden resonance, like a frosty road.

'But I don't understand. Monsieur le Curé says I shall go to Hell if . . . because it's a mortal sin. And yet Madame de Villette goes to Mass; and Confession. And they say *she* . . .'

'Never mind what they say about Madame de Villette.'

'But what is she thinking *inside*? What does her Confessor say to her? I don't understand. It oughtn't to be different, for the rich and for the poor. It doesn't seem right. It's not the poor that go to Hell, in the Bible.'

There was something attractively honest, though not beautiful, in Perrette's husky, eager voice. Madame de Malitourn looked at her more curiously; amused, surprised, not meaning to be supercilious, but a little as if suddenly confronted with a calculating horse. 'Go to Hell, Perrette? Who knows? But it's perishing cold in here meanwhile. Put on some wood, will you? You're thinking of Dives and Lazarus?' Her tone grew mocking. 'But I dare say Dives wasn't of really good family, anyway—just one of those rascally financiers.'

Perrette left gazing out at the acid green of February fields and

with pink fingers began laying on the fire—slowly, as if she half-pitied them—three or four split billets from the elm blown down last November at the gate beside her father's lodge. The scars and wrinkles on their bark seemed to her familiar as the lines of some well-known face of her childhood; here and there a twig showed the tiny buds that had already begun to form in vain for another spring. Her look clouded.

'Madame does not believe in Hell?'

'Goodness, child, I never said that.'

'Ah, but we poor simple people are not so simple as Madame thinks.' Her country pink deepened with a flush of resentment as she stooped above the fire-dogs and swept the hearth with curt strokes, that whisked the ashes under the grate as if Perrette were tidying up the Universe. 'The gentry go to Mass just for the sake of the servants and the poor; but the poor know.'

For a moment Madame de Malitourn instinctively stiffened. In an Age of Enlightenment . . . It was pleasant to unbend . . . But if the lower classes began to assume . . . Suzanne, her Parisian maid who had left in dudgeon after a week buried here in the country, had been saucy enough to her equals, but always slyly demure to her. Whereas this little hoyden, budding into a rural *philosophe* . . . And yet why not? It was not unamusing. And, after all, in 'an Age of Enlightenment' . . .

'*Enfant terrible!*' she laughed. 'Quite true, you're not so simple as you seem. Like life, Perrette. Like all of us. You find people like Madame de Villette hard to understand? Do you know why? Because like all of us she is several people.'

'Several people?'

'Yes, there's a Perrette that thinks the rich should have their money taken away.' Perrette, standing in front of the fire, coloured and instinctively thrust her arms behind her back, like a child caught red-handed. 'And a different Perrette that loves hearing all that the rich do. There's a Perrette that thinks she might be very happy married to young Pierre Huchon.' The girl's colour deepened. 'And another Perrette that considers how often the poor stop loving, like the rich, once they're married; and says "I'd rather be free." Eh? Two minds about it, like the two figures in a weather-house. And you never know which of them will be outside to-morrow. And both are you.'

Perrette slowly smiled and looked sideways down at the flames now beginning to lick, like treacherous dogs, at the wood she had

put on. It was hard to say how much of the rose on her features came from the firelight. She had lost her jauntiness. She was awed by such penetration.

'And which Perrette is outside at the moment? The marrying one?'

The answer was a smiling whisper, while Perrette pivoted on her toes, turning half to the right, then half to the left again. 'No, Madame.'

'Ah, I thought not. So that is why you don't want to go to the fair to-morrow? Pretty weather for that! But what has poor Pierre done?'

'Nothing.'

'What, then?'

'The "weather" has just changed, I suppose.'

'Changed? Why?'

Perrette was silent.

'No notion? Just caught a chill in the heart, as well as in the head?' Hortense de Malitourn could be very engaging, when she relaxed her manner of tired great lady and smiled with amused sympathy. Here, felt Perrette, was someone who really understood what one meant; better, perhaps, than oneself.

'Madame might be angry.'

'Why should I?'

'But sometimes when I——'

'When you are *enfant terrible*? Why, yes, Perrette, you have a fondness for the naked truth that can be perfectly—— But I like it really. Especially after Paris. Just as once, after coming home from Versailles, I sat for a solid hour watching my cat wash her kittens—here was something real, at last. Yes, you're a kitten too, Perrette. And what's wrong with your poor mouse, now you've caught him?'

For a moment Perrette pensively bit the tip of one pink finger; then, taking her courage in both hands—'Because Madame has only been married a few years. And Madame is not happy—oh, I *know*. And to-day Monsieur is coming home—and Madame is not any gayer. And they say that Monsieur . . .' Perrette reined in her tongue with a jerk.

'Well, Perrette, what *do* they say?'

Perrette was mute and red, twisting her fingers in her apron.

'That Monsieur de Malitourn amuses himself elsewhere?'

Perrette nodded, apprehensively.

'And that I also amuse myself?'

Perrette, really frightened, gnawed the back of her hand.

'And that I do too?'

'Yes, Madame.'

'Don't look so terrified. Why shouldn't they?' Madame de Malitourn gave a little laugh of bitter satisfaction; the satisfaction of biting on an aching tooth. 'Though it's quite untrue. "Amuse oneself!"—oh, the boredom of it! The stupid boredom of it! One burns one's house down to warm one's fingers, one dull evening. Very "amusing," no doubt—to watch. And plenty of ashes to repent in afterwards.' Then, pulling herself together—'But what's all that to you, Perrette? You're young. But not too young—what's this nonsense about not marrying him? Isn't he good enough?'

Perrette shook her head, with a sudden seriousness that made her look years older: 'No, too good. I don't want it to be me that makes him unhappy—if *that's* what marriage means.' Then, with a return of impishness, she smiled—'And then I've been thinking it might be amusing, all the same—to "amuse oneself." And I hoped—when Madame is better and goes back to Paris . . . Oh, Madame, won't you take me? I should so love to see Paris, and whether it's all that they say.'

'All that they say, little simpleton? Paris is all that—and worse! Full of dead men laughing—hearts hard as bone—heads empty as skulls. And once you've drunk the water of the Seine, Perrette, you become like a beast that's tasted blood. You can't be happy there: but you can't be happy anywhere else. Oh, the good little bourgeois of Paris, *they* doubtless live snug as rats in a cheese; but I'm not thinking of *them*.'

'You see,' she went on with a smile, her ennui momentarily diverted by those wide-open hazel eyes, 'a Seine is a net, Perrette. And the foolish fishes, they come crowding in, all agape; but they don't get out again.'

'And Madame?'

'Oh, *this* foolish fish jumped over the net. It's in no hurry to be caught again for the moment; and yet . . . But you're broiling the fish alive with all that wood you've put on. Open the window. It's suffocating.'

'But the damp air? After Madame's fever?'

'Pooh, I am warm enough.' And Madame de Malitourn sighed, as if too bored to mind what happened. The raw February air

began to stream in from the fading dusk outside, where the white mists came floating up from the canal to blanket the elms for the night. Opposite rose the wooded hill of Garancières, clawed by long wispy fingers of vapour as if it had been some remote mountain-side in the Jura. All was silence but for the monotonous weeping of the branches, the chirp and gurgle of the gutters on the roof.

'Poor weather for hermits,' yawned Madame de Malitourn, glancing listlessly up from her book.

'But spring is coming, Madame. The aconite is out in the avenue.'

'Aconite? Ah, *mon Dieu*, the new year may well begin with poison! All that tedious round of flowers to be gone through again; round and round like a stage-army.' Madame de Malitourn grew silent; clearly she could not be reading—it had grown too dark; infected with the same depression, Perrette lent her elbows on the sill, and her chin on her hands, and gazed into the twilit emptiness. Suddenly she cried: 'I can see the lamps of a carriage. It must be Monsieur.' For a minute there was no answer; then—'Shut the window, Perrette; I feel cool enough now. And light the candles by my bed. And come and tidy my hair. And bring me the deeper rouge. Quick!'

When all was done, Madame de Malitourn shifted the bed-curtains a little forward, so that her face was in shadow. 'More candles; on the mantelpiece.'

'On the mantelpiece, Madame?'

'Do as you're told, Perrette. Illumination in his honour. After three whole years apart, what an occasion to celebrate! Monsieur de Malitourn is not going to find me brooding here like an owl in a ruin. And I like to see people's faces.'

'It is Madame's face that is worth seeing.'

'Pooh, keep your flatteries till you get to Paris. Give me my glass again. And a new ribbon for my nightcap. And now open the door and let's listen.'

From the hall below came the sound of a voice giving orders; a slightly tired, disillusioned, yet sensitive voice. There were steps on the stairs—in the corridor—framed in the doorway stood Monsieur de Malitourn.

Madame's head was quietly bent above her book. After a moment he strode forward into the room, clearing his throat. Slowly she lifted her grey eyes and clear-cut face to that slightly stiff figure before her; and found it little changed. Still the same

contrasts—the same impeccable clothes, that yet showed snuff on cuff and waistcoat, the same pockets bulging with cherished objects ; the same sharp features and steady eyes, whose oft-noted resemblance to the great Frederic was belied by a touch of self-indulgence about the mouth ; the same vaguely dreamy look that seemed so out of keeping with those firm, restless, practical hands. Coldly he bowed, hat under arm ; watched by a frightened yet fascinated Perrette.

‘You can go, Perrette.’ Reluctantly she went.

In colourless, but not ungentle tones, with eyes that watched not his wife but the closing door, he said : ‘I heard, Hortense, of your—illness. I thought I had better come.’ He walked past the foot of the bed to stand with his back to the fire, laying his hat on a table beside it. ‘So you have got rid of the little red-lacquered Chinese table ?’ His tone was vexed and hurt ; but he checked himself. ‘But never mind now, never mind.’ She remembered how he had carried it in here and given it her (it was one of his cherished possessions) during the first days of their marriage. Indeed, she had remembered too well ; it had saddened her. Hence its banishment to the attic, when she came home, ten days ago.

He took snuff, to occupy his fingers. Through her curtains she scrutinized him with defiant amusement ; it was like being in a box at the theatre, watching a figure on the stage. She was not going to prompt him. She had not asked him to come ; she resented this intrusion. Those who have once agreed to live and let live, have even less excuse than ordinary couples for anything as low and ridiculous as jealousy or espionage. And yet that was not like him. And yet what else . . . ?

He seemed to read her thoughts. ‘As I say,’ he went on, ‘I heard you were ill—and alone here. So I thought I had better come. I need not stay.’

‘That was very charming of you, Étienne.’

‘Charming ! Are you laughing at me ?’ He flushed angrily, shifting on his heels and looking away into the other corners of the room. Its slim fluted pilasters, its white panels, its heavy red curtains, its chairs with their graceful air of antelopes ready at any moment to gallop away—all these old friends of his childhood, far older in his memory than this alien presence that was their mistress now—seemed to look back at him with faces no less heart-breakingly estranged.

'Laughing at you! Of course not—why should I?' (How difficult he always was!) 'But how did you hear I was ill?'

'Oh, I heard,' he said curtly. 'The whole story.'

'Story! You seem to take my affairs very seriously, all of a sudden.' There was a return of antagonism in her laugh. 'If I had thought you would take it so to heart, I would have written and told you—even though there has been about as much correspondence between us, of late years, as between Mecca and the Holy Father.'

He shrugged his shoulders testily, walked across to the window, and stared out into the dusk. He knew each tree in that avenue; but they too seemed to-night to know him no more.

Suddenly he exploded. 'Why, what has become of the sundial? What fool has moved it? It was a rarity—a genuine Gothic piece. I found it myself in an old garden in Chartres.'

The voice from the bed was imperturbable, like an adult calming a fretful child. 'Ah, you antiquarians! It is just round the corner. I moved it last week. The trees had grown so that the poor thing could hardly get a glimpse of the sun. It had quite stopped marking time. Not that I want objects to mark time, or remind me of it. There are only too many, as it is, to do that. But you are a perfect Ancient of Days. Such a jealous God about your cherished possessions!—and yet so given to long absences, in which you forget all about the poor things.'

He was silent, weighing her words for double meanings.

'When I began to feel ill in Paris,' she went on, 'I had a sudden impulse to come back here. It is so quiet. And knowing you were away in Paris, so that I should not be disturbing your privacy . . .' (Her voice was growing involuntarily bitterer, with this rigmarole of explanations that sounded too like lame excuses.) 'And not expecting to stay here long . . .'

'Long enough to set the whole village talking,' he said ill-humouredly, with his back to her. 'But now that I have come, there may be less of that.' He turned round. 'Forgive me—I have not yet asked how you are.'

'Oh, the doctor says I can get up to-morrow.'

'To-morrow! It is all over then?'

'I certainly trust so.'

'So quickly!'

'Oh, I wasn't very bad. Slight fever—nothing to worry about. The thing just took its normal course.'

'But what have you done about it?' His tone grew colder and colder.

She laughed. 'Really, Monsieur, you are becoming very medical and inquisitive. Doctor as well as antiquarian! But I suppose an interest in the dead may lead to an interest in killing.' He was not amused: she began to be a little puzzled by his solemnity. 'Do about it? Just went to bed and took the ordinary precautions. You make too much of such trifles, *mon ami*.'

'And now . . . ? I suppose you have passed it on to someone else?'

'Really! As if I could help it! Why, yes, actually I've given it to poor Perrette—Nicole's girl, from the lodge—she was here when you came—my Paris maid wouldn't stay. But she's nearly rid of it now, thank Heaven!'

'I doubt if Heaven takes much hand in such matters. And who is she going to give it to, I wonder?'

'Goodness, how should I know? Why this extraordinary concern all at once . . . I suppose it will just go the round of the household, like a bad sou. If you are not careful, Monsieur, I shall give it to you.'

'You seem excessively light-hearted about it, Madame.'

'Light-hearted? Do I? You sound sorry. Did you hope to find me deep in dumps and vapours? I was not *feeling* very light-hearted, I must say: but I am delighted I seem so. I never had much use for moping.'

'I mean light-hearted about others. A less amiable quality.'

'Really, Monsieur, I begin to think that one or other of us is growing *light-headed*. And I doubt if it is for you, precisely, at this moment to talk about being "amiable"! All this commotion about a perfectly trivial domestic upset!—such as can happen in any household any day! And here you are with an air as tragic as an undertaker! Could I help it?'

'I should have thought it not beyond the bounds of possibility.' He strode over to the fire again and stood warming his hands with his back to her.

'Upon my soul, Monsieur, I cannot conceive how. I should be ravished to hear. Do you expect me to live alone in a hollow tree like a Gothic hermit? Or in a cell with a loaf and jug of water lowered through a trap-door, as if I were at the bottom of the Bastille? Perhaps you are actually thinking of having my life arranged like that, by *lettre de cachet*? You seem marvellously

considerate of everyone but me. One would think I was a leper, or had the plague. I wonder you dare venture into my pestiferous apartment !'

The levity in her tone hurt him—for her sake as well as for his own. He turned back from the fire to scan her face, with a mixture of regret and perplexity in his deep-set eyes that irritated her. She picked up her book again, as if it had been a gage of defiance. 'Once for all, Monsieur, I do not know why you should arrive here looking like Orestes halloo'd by the Furies. But I am not interested in this sort of mystery. I was touched at first by your coming to see me ; I felt ill and lonely. But if you have turned Jansenist, I must beg you to unload your unseasonable enthusiasm elsewhere. I am not on my death-bed ; if I were, I should not want spiritual consolation ; and if I did, I should not ask for yours. But even if I am not very ill, I am not very well. I have no desire to be preached into another fever. Among your mummies and scarabs in Paris, there must be some princess dead five thousand years who would make you a more patient audience.'

Monsieur de Malitourn picked up his hat. 'Madame, I propose to relieve you as quickly as possible of my burdensome presence. I never came to preach at you—I know that is not for me to do. But you will please, in return, to have done with these cynical evasions. I did not come from Paris to spy on you ; nor to reproach you—I have no right. I simply came to shield your reputation. That apparently was needless anxiety and wasted pains.' (The puzzled frown furrowed itself deeper and deeper in Madame de Malitourn's white forehead.) 'But in common humanity I must ask more precisely what has become of the child. Human beings are not kittens.'

'The child ! *What* child ! What infamy...?—you fool, Étienne, what scandal-mongering old mischief-maker has been— ? I have had a *chill*, my good sir ! Not a child ! Ah, *mon Dieu* !' And Madame de Malitourn, still weak, sank back in her pillows and laughed hysterically till the tears ran down her face ; hardly keeping the presence of mind to wipe hastily away the rouge with which they were making havoc. Perrette, listening not very effectively outside the door, but hearing this hysteria at least only too clearly, grew agonised with uncertainty whether to rush in to the rescue, or away for help ; and in her dilemma remained rooted where she stood.

For a moment Monsieur de Malitourn stiffened indignantly :

then something girlishly natural and genuine in the ring of her laughter began to convince him, more completely than an hour's explanation could have done. With a sudden sense of the grotesqueness of his position he returned to the window. A three-quarter moon, looking, with its unequal cheeks, like a face swollen with toothache, and swathed in a whitish nightcap of cloud, stared lugubriously down at him and the glimmering puddles in the drive. Even nature seemed *narquois* to-night. There was silence now in the room behind him. 'Well, Monsieur,' said an ironic voice from the bed-curtains, 'you have turned your back on the enemy: do you surrender?—or withdraw?' There was a note of challenge in the last word. Monsieur de Malitourn turned with a smile and walked back to the bedside. 'I surrender, Madame.'

'To my discretion?'

'Yes: to all you have of it.'

'You doubt it! But seriously, Étienne, you believe me?'

'I believe your face and your voice, Hortense.'

'In spite of my "cynical evasions"?''

He smiled. 'I have thrown myself, I said, on your mercy, Madame.'

'Then tell me at once where you got hold of this cock-and-bull story.'

'It is the common talk of the Rue Saint-Honoré. You should have heard the sudden silence in each *salon* as I entered.'

'*Quelle canaille!* Common talk! *Common* enough! Ah, *mon Dieu*, the "right people" are so much, much vulgarer than the real people.'

'But when you suddenly choose to bury yourself in the depths of the country in the depth of February. Twenty leagues from Paris! And "for your health"—after consulting a doctor—so renowned a doctor as the great Tronchin himself, so that *everybody* hears . . .'

'He said I needed quiet and air—"too much Paris"—my chest was weak.'

'But at this time of year! What sort of illness do you suppose it generally is that so urgently needs country air at Candlemas? Too like Madame d'Épinay's sudden trip to Geneva. Can you wonder the fine world made its own diagnosis?'

'I am not fine enough for their subtleties.'

'Why, even your brother's wife, when I met her last week and asked after you, as usual—'

She glanced at him ; he was looking into the distance. ' Yes ? ' ' She said she heard you had gone home to Fontenay, " for your health. " Did she know what was wrong ? " No. " But her look said—" Of course we all know, you poor man. So do you ; or you have more than the proverbial innocence of husbands. " Never have I seen anyone more discreetly indiscreet. '

' And you believed these cats, these carrion-crows ! Do you think if I had that sort of secret to hide, I should come to *your* house to hide it ? What have I ever done that——'

' I should not have believed their gossip by itself. '

' What else, then ? '

' Sophie. '

Madame de Malitourn's pale face flushed. ' Ah, trust an actress to know ! Plots and intrigues being in her professional line of business. But no, I am being vulgarly jealous. So Sophie had news from these haunts of her childish innocence ! From whom, pray ? '

' From her brother, the *curé*, of course. '

' He still writes to her !—a *fille de l'opéra* ! '

' Oh, even *curés* are human. If she died to-morrow, he would deny her Christian burial ; but he may yet save her soul. She's still his sister in this world ; however different their destinations in the next. '

' Not as different perhaps as he supposes ! And he said ? '

' Oh, amongst other things, that a hideous scandal was disturbing the peace of his poor parish—and how troubled he was for your salvation——'

' Let him mind his own. '

' —the more so that, though you had the reputation of being passably infidel, and seldom went to Mass, and read heathen poets, like Tibullus, when you did, you had always been good to him. '

' He remembered ! '

' And that made it the harder for me to disbelieve him. He was not just being malicious. '

' Does he know Sophie is under your protection ? '

' No. And that too made it harder to disbelieve—he was writing without any set design ; except, no doubt, to warn her against the wages of sin in general. '

' With which same object, I suppose, she then showed it to you ! '

' You are unjust. In her place would *you* have kept it dark ? She was always jealous of you. '

'Of me! How comical!'

'And when we heard the other day that you had left Monsieur de Saint-Amand, she had a bad fit of it. You see——'

'What you heard was untrue.'

He started slightly. 'You mean he is still with you?'

'No. But it was Monsieur de Saint-Amand who left *me*.' Her voice shook a little; then went on with unnatural smoothness. 'Monsieur de Saint-Amand is a polite and delicate character; as becomes a poet and a soldier. Having confessed he had grown tired of me—"after all, a too constant butterfly would weary the sweetness of any rose"—he told the world *I* had grown tired of *him*. And for proof shut himself up for three days—writing an elegy, no doubt. And so everybody went about saying: "Poor Saint-Amand—quite inconsolable, I hear." So you see. Give me my fan. And when did Sophie have this divine revelation?'

'Last night. You had arrived here, I gathered, a week ago; and taken to your bed within a day or two. So I came.'

'With infinite delicacy sending your lacquey ahead to warn me—so that I should not be caught unprepared! Monsieur de Saint-Amand himself could not have shown more tact.' Her smile faded as she saw him wince and turn away. 'Forgive me. I know you are a hundred times sincerer. But can you wonder I take my revenge, after being doubted by you like this? Why should you think I was elaborately deceiving you? If we have not been faithful, at least we have been frank. When all our trouble began—when I had first had a caprice for Monsieur de Saint-Amand, did I not tell you plainly the first week? Why should you believe, on the word of a village *curé* and a rabble of Paris scandal-rakers, that I had grown so shifty now?'

'Ah, what might not anyone do at a crisis like that? You might well have thought matters very little mended by telling me.'

'And then the man suspects me of a massacre of the innocent!—of being another Madame de Tencin, exposing another infant d'Alembert on the steps of the village church! And *yet* you came, though thinking so terribly ill of me, to shield my reputation before all these *honest* folk! No, there are not many in the world, Étienne, as honest as you.' Chin in hand, she looked at him and smiled. 'You surrendered at discretion, Monsieur: what can I do but release you, with my deepest gratitude? Will you stay to share an invalid's supper? Or' (and her voice chilled again with the

fear of seeming to impose herself on him) 'would you prefer the dining-room?'

'No, no, here if the invalid is well enough.' He sat down by the fire. 'Just as well,' she laughed, at ease again, 'that we got the explanations over first. It was all getting too like that dinner the Comte de Lauraguais gave the other day—did you hear?'

'No.'

'Consisting of all the people he could collect in Paris that stuttered.'

'The imbecile!'

'Oh, it was quite like us this evening. At first they were all furious—like a flock of turkeys gabbling—and the more furious, the worse they stuttered and the less they understood. Till suddenly they saw the joke; then it turned out a very successful evening, after all.'

He laughed; but he noted the sadness in her voice. He moved his chair nearer and picked up her book. *La Nouvelle Héloïse*!

'Yes,' she grimaced, '*The New Heloise*—for myself, I prefer the old. No doubt because I am getting so. For three years now I must have been the only person in France who hasn't read the book—or swum through it on a flood of tears.'

'It drew none from me. But then I was never romantic.'

'And I, you mean,' (she smiled sadly), 'only too much so? Perhaps Monsieur de Saint-Amand has cured me. And now I suppose I ought to spend my remaining leisure like our poor Queen, sitting in front of her beribboned skull of Ninon de l'Enclos and repenting at it. But at least,' she added defiantly, 'unlike the poor Queen, I have had some pleasure in life to repent of.' And then, feeling the remark was an ungracious one, she glanced at him quickly with a smile that was half-contrite and half-amused.

Elbows on the arms of his chair, chin on his clasped hands, he dwelt musing on her face—'You sound very unhappy, Hortense?'

Her pride recoiled from his pity. 'What use parading one's wounds? They only catch cold and ache the worse.' She rearranged the pillows at her back and sat up straighter. 'You were wiser, Étienne. Much safer, dealing with the dead. No mummied lady can deceive you—you are too expert: no coin of Cleopatra—you know a false one in a minute. The past cannot change. The dead cannot betray. You should never have married me—against all your father's reasons too!'

"Reasons"! Do you call it reasonable to see the whole world arranged in castes and grades like his own regiment? With no promotion allowed since the Flood? "Reasonable" to sneer at me for collecting antiques and curse me for not marrying one? He—he was as pigeon-witted as that insufferable Madame de Grignan; simpering, as she introduced her bourgeois daughter-in-law to her set, that "old lands need a little manure now and then." Leave my father out of it. It was not because you were a banker's daughter that we have not been happy, Hortense."

'Merely because I was a fool? Is that your polite meaning, Monsieur?' She laughed. 'Perhaps you are not far wrong. And yet, if you too had loved antiques a little less? And not tried to put me too in a glass-case.'

He started angrily to his feet. 'You are *too* unjust, Hortense! Whatever my faults, *that* was not one. When you had your caprice for Monsieur de Saint-Amand, did I not let you go your way? As perhaps, since all is explained, I had better go mine.' And he put out his hand for his hat. But she seized his wrist.

'You misunderstand me, Étienne. Foolish to quarrel again now, about why we quarrelled then. Such are explanations! I did not mean that you were a Turk—no one was ever less so. I meant that you treated me like a precious Chinese porcelain added to your collection. Oh, it was charming of you. I was to do nothing but look exquisite; to be kept away from all the rough jolts and jars of life—I was too delicate and rare for those. Do you wonder that with so little to fill my head, I lost it? That with so little work, I began looking for amusement?' He nodded, meeting her eyes as she gazed up at him. 'And so your precious statue came to life, and suddenly walked out into the world of Paris, and got broken. Ah, Pygmalion, perhaps if you had only been a little *more* of a Turk . . . Sometimes I wonder if we aren't all trying to be more reasonable than it's reasonable to try to be. You were always such a perfect gentleman—just as in your coming here to-night. But even the most perfect ladies can be such women sometimes, you see. Why did you let me go so easily?' She smiled a little mischievously.

'Yes,' he said, thoughtfully and absently sitting down, 'no doubt, it was my fault too. We can agree now?—conclude our Three Years' War, with a treaty that leaves in peace, just as it is, the desert we have made. Truly diplomatic.' She laughed.

'You laugh, Hortense. Still! At everything. You think all

the knots life cannot untie can still be cut with the edge of a laugh.'

'Better laugh than cry—it's so often a question of one or other. Though as one gets older, the laugh gets more edged. But don't pity me,' she went on after a moment. 'I have already been happier here than in Paris.'

'But what can you find to *do* here?—now!'

'I walk. I garden. I have one friend to write to—Louise. And I am also writing a romance, if you *must* know; they are less painful, I find, to write than to live. But no, *you* won't understand. Paris is so different for you. Sophie will rejoice to-morrow over her prodigal returned.'

'Sophie,' said Monsieur de Malitourn dryly, 'swore last night that if I came here to-day, she would never see me again.'

'And yet you came! Étienne! But I am sure it will be all right. She has probably sworn it all before.'

'True. She has.'

'She would be far likelier to do it, if she hadn't sworn to. She is jealous; and therefore in love with you.'

'Or with my purse.'

'Both, no doubt. These matters are seldom simple. But you must see that it was vastly provoking for her, to bring you this piece of information, so much to my discredit, and then find it produce exactly the wrong effect. Do you care for her so little?'

'She attracts me, and repels me. She amuses me. I pity, and like, and dislike her. I do not think, like Monsieur de Buffon, that "in love the physical alone is good." A great zoologist should be a better observer than that; he should have seen that love makes some people better and some, worse—angels and hyenas. But I have just kept my heart in a sling these three years. It has been a case, for me, of distractions and amusements. It works like a drug. One feels less lonely for the moment; lonelier after. It became, too, another form of collecting; only now I was collecting human hearts, human characters. After the dead, the living . . . So strange, so inexhaustibly various. One is not happy; but I chose to be unhappy and not bored; rather than bored but not unhappy. And yet if I had not always my treatise on ancient coins to go back to, I think I might have hanged myself. But why should you want to hear all this?'

'But of course it interests me, Étienne. Hearing of you from other people was, you may imagine, rather different; and less

pleasant. Hearing it from you, I too am "not happy, but not bored." But might not one person have made you happier than a series?—supposing you had taken your heart out of its sling? For surely, Étienne, it must have recovered by this?

'Oh yes,' he said, a trifle coldly, rising and pacing away from the light. 'I did not suggest it was a bleeding heart. I am not romantic. It has grown stiff, that is all—and cautious.' He paused, then added, smiling slightly, with an assumption of tranquil irony: 'And it depends on the "one person."' That indeed was obvious; she had no comment. Yet there was something queer in his voice; a doubt shaped itself in her mind; was dismissed; sprang up again. She glanced at him. He smiled.

'Étienne?'

He took her hand. She looked up more searchingly into his face; then with the mocking light in her eyes again—'What, am I antique enough now to be worth adding to your collection?'

He laughed. 'Not "antique." Genuine.'

She felt his lips on her hand. He sat down on the bed. 'It reminds me,' he said, smiling.

'Of what?'

'Of Alexander the Great.'

'Alexander the Great!'

'Yes. A marble-head. The Comte de Caylus told me of it. The very thing I had always wanted, by his description. A genuine piece, of the finest period and style. In the manner of Lysippus. It had been in Paris a few years ago; then lost sight of. I pursued it everywhere, from dealer to dealer. A month ago my search was at last successful. I found it.'

'Where?'

'In my own collection! Need I expound the parable . . .?'

'Oh, I am to think myself as glorious a conquest as an Alexander, am I? And will it all last even as long as his did, I wonder? Well, Étienne, it does seem as if you rather needed someone—someone a little less absent-minded than you are growing? Or you will be advertising for yourself next—a lost man! So maybe—'

At that moment there was a loud sneeze outside the door. A moment more—and then a faltering knock. The door opened and disclosed a flushed Perrette, groping desperately all over her person for her handkerchief; only to catch sight of it at last on the floor outside. She came in, twisting it desperately, in search of an

explanation. She noticed that Monsieur de Malitourn withdrew a little self-consciously towards the fireplace. Then inspiration came. 'Please, Madame, they want to know, will Monsieur be staying to-night?'

Madame de Malitourn laughed. 'Why, Perrette, could you not hear well enough through the keyhole? Yes, Monsieur will stay. But *you* will not, if you play such pranks again. Be off with you!'

Perrette, seeing that there was no need to be more than half-abashed, still lingered, standing first on one foot, then on the other. 'If you please, Madame, there is one other thing.'

'Well?'

'If Madame could spare me for two hours to-morrow afternoon . . . ? Pierre wants to take me to the fair?'

'Why, yes. But you told me, only this morning, you did not want to go.'

Perrette smiled. 'Yes, Madame. But the weather's changed again.'

I SAW HER PASS.

I SAW her pass—

She swept across our sky,
Swift, one with the wind,
And clean. Sweet, serious mouth,
Clear eyes, a noble brow,
And ministering hands.
She did not stay.

Who was she?

Justice? Mercy? Peace?

I cannot say,

I only saw her pass—

She did not stay.

MARJORIE E. PILLERS.

RUGBY IN THE EARLY 'EIGHTIES.

BY H. G. D. LATHAM.

A SMALL boy from a preparatory school went with his father, who was home on leave from India, to visit an older brother at Rugby.

The sight of the snug studies, those quaint cabins whose dimensions would paralyse a sanitary reformer, where the Rugby boy of the earliest 'eighties made his home and his castle, presented an attraction which was absolutely irresistible.

It was summer time, and most of them were gay with flowered window-boxes; and the air of cosiness and comfort within contrasted vehemently with the bare boards and ink-stained desks of the class-room which was the shrine of lessons and recreation alike in the preparatory school.

Perhaps in the rebuilding of the Houses which has taken place during the last fifty years calculations as to breathing space and carbon dioxide have made themselves felt; in those days the School Doctor stood alone for hygiene. He it was who insisted upon flannel trousers being worn for football, and secured the provision of hot coffee and biscuits for those who rose in time for them before chapel on winter mornings. (In the summer milk, generally sour, was substituted.) But he had to wrench reforms from Conservatism one by one.

Doubtless their very smallness added to the charm of those studies. They offered suggestions of cosy winter evenings, and an entirely false dream that to do Latin verses and Greek translations would be a delightful occupation in such cells of learning. The youngster implored his father to send him to Rugby without delay; and, perhaps against his better judgment, his father consented. It is not, in most cases, wise policy to plunge a child not yet thirteen years old into the world of a Public School.

The next term saw the new boys arrive a day or two before the rest to sit for the Entrance Examination. This gave them time to get their bearings before the rush. A further fortnight's grace was theirs before they were subjected to fagging or to compulsory games and sports, in which time they were expected to pick up the traditions of the School and of the House.

During your first term, for instance, you might not at any time put your hands in your pockets, except to extract or return some necessary article. In your second term you might keep one hand in your pocket at a time. If you were walking in the town with a companion of your own House you must link on, i.e. walk arm in arm; but it was anathema to link on with a boy from another House. Under no circumstances might you turn up your trousers, or wear stuck-up collars, for these and such-like things were 'putting it on,' and offenders were curtly told to 'take it off,' the lesson being sternly enforced.

Your fifth term admitted you to the position of being 'In Hall,' which meant that you had the run of the House dining hall when it was out of use. Some of the big fellows used to sit there round the fire, or would cluster round the piano to sing choruses. In your fifth term you had the further privilege of wearing the House colours on your hat; and in later terms you wore them in different combinations, such as a twist, or a varied width of stripe, so as to distinguish your seniority at a glance.

Only Swells were exempt from these traditions. They might, and did, link on with boys of other Houses, and walk unlinked with boys of their own House. They wore the highest of high collars, and the loudest of loud corduroy waistcoats, and ties with vast horse-shoe pins. Black was *de rigueur* for coats and ties (and in strict law for waistcoats too, but Authority turned a blind eye on occasion), but trousers offered an opportunity to the Swell of which he was not slow to avail himself. Once the head of our House appeared on the first Sunday of term in trousers of a pattern that seemed to speak for itself. By a most unhappy coincidence a much smaller boy, with no pretensions as yet to Swelldom, had returned from the holidays with a Sunday pair of trousers of identical pattern. It was a cruel blow to the head of the House.

At Sunday afternoon Chapel the younger boys were prompt to be in their places as soon as ever the bell began to toll. A little later came those who were no longer small fry—boys of the Upper School, boys of the House Eleven, or the House Twenty. Last of all, as the three-minute bell began, the Swells rolled in with massive dignity. In their wake, like fishing boats under the convoy of a Super-Dreadnought, flowed tides of younger fellows, who, for some reason or other, were behind their proper time. For them to venture up the nave unescorted during the last bell would have been 'side,' a thing to be taken off, and a punishable offence.

These 'Swells,' who and what were they? Not necessarily scholars, not necessarily in the Sixth, not necessarily gentlemen. They were the athletes of the House, footballers in the School Fifteen, or those who had gained their 'Caps'—the velvet and silver-lace caps conferred on the best football players in each House, good cricketers, and the like.

At breakfast and tea they occupied the table at the centre of the Hall where the House-Master and his family sat at dinner. The Swells' table had the right to use fags to make toast, and to send them down town (regardless of their own meal) for desired luxuries. Otherwise a Swell, as such, had no power of fagging others, unless he were in the Sixth, or had received Sixth-power; but of course he was exempt from being fagged. Other boys were liable to service till they reached the Upper School.

'Sixth-power,' as its name implies, was the authority conferred by the House-Master upon certain Swells whose intellectual attainments were not proportionate to their athletic attainments. The House-Master selected such of these as he (often quite wrongly) believed to possess moral force and standing, and gave them the authority which automatically devolved upon the Sixth Form in administering the discipline of the House.

When the fortnight's grace had expired the new boys were supposed to know all about everything and everybody, and to be aware that to whistle up and down the passages, or to make yourself conspicuous in the town or in the Close, or to forget for an instant that the mere fact that you were cock of the walk at your preparatory school did not count at Rugby, or to break any other unwritten law would assuredly attract a well-placed boot, or a knobly cane; and they were merged in the current of school life, in its fagging, its games, its sports.

Each fag had his set of duties to one Sixth Form boy, or to a boy with Sixth-power, to whom he was either Study Fag or Toast Fag, besides a general duty of obedience to any member of the Sixth.

A toast fag had to cut, and toast to a nicety, two rounds of bread at breakfast and tea for his master before sitting down to his own refreshment; but he had the compensating privilege of being allowed to make toast for himself and his friends. So the huge fire in the hall was faced twice daily in the season by a half-circle of toasting and toasted fags. A study fag was responsible for sweeping, cleaning, dusting, and generally house-maiding his master's study, and for keeping his fire alight.

Every boy, the Sixth excepted, was responsible for the order and cleanliness of his own study; and it was a common sight to see shovels full of hot coals being carried from study to study on winter afternoons to relight extinct fires, and a common odour to smell melting candle-ends, and the dusters which were burning in the attempt to draw up the flames. That the House was not burned down is a marvel. In these days, perhaps, the rising tide of science and comfort has brought electric light and radiators into Rugby studies.

A grim notice always appeared on the Hall door at the beginning of term, announcing the amount of the House subscriptions. These were levied on every boy, and went to the support of House and School games and sports. They constituted a severe tax. It seemed untold wealth to return to School jingling the change of a sovereign of pocket-money; but by the time the House subscription was paid, you wondered ruefully how to settle last term's tick at Hobley's or Wells', and how to subsist on the weekly allowance of a shilling, which had an unfortunate habit of being stopped for some communal cause just when you wanted it most.

There was another less creditable leakage from the pocket at the beginning of term.

Certain big fellows of the baser sort would survey their studies on returning, select such ornaments as were broken, and such pictures as had become wearisome, and offer them for sale at exorbitant prices to new-comers and small boys. There could be no legal compulsion in such cases; but the sales were unfailingly accomplished. It is satisfactory to add that this scandal was stopped before the middle 'eighties.

The new-comer began to reap the benefit of the House subscription after his first fortnight.

He had the run, in his turn, of the School Racquets, Fives, and Tennis Courts, and his share, willy-nilly, in the House games.

There can be no question that compulsion in School games is an excellent thing. It enforces valuable discipline; it makes for sound bodies when the first stiffness has worn off; it keeps boys from slacking and growing over-gross. If they have natural aptitudes for one game or another, they speedily shine; if not—at any rate they get good exercise, and learn cheerful obedience to authority. But there should be classification. Boys should play with boys of their own strength. If a child of thirteen is sent into the scrummage with young men of eighteen he will certainly

funk, and, as certainly, be kicked for funking; and the process will not steel his nerve. If he plays with others of his own weight, he will learn to play up and to like the game.

Cricket, football, house-runs, and paper-chases were the routine.

Football was, of course, played under Rugby rules, though Association football began to appear early in the 'eighties. House-runs were runs along the winter roads—a dreary job, but good training. Paper-chases were cross-country runs conducted under discipline. The hares laid the trail and set the jumps, and the pack followed after an interval. As each jump was reached the big fellows took it easily. The rest followed in informal order of size and jumping power, till a tail of small boys came to grief one after the other. If anyone were sufficiently winded by a bad fall, or sufficiently soaked at a water jump, he was dismissed to find his way home. Quite a fine art could be developed in falling heavily, or in getting thoroughly soaked, without apparent intention. On the whole paper-chases stand out in memory as the most unpleasant things in the orthodox routine of the Rugby of those days. The heart still sinks at the recollection of the scrap of paper on the House door notifying a paper-chase for the afternoon, especially if it was at Clifton brook. The Clifton brook course was the thorniest and wettest of all.

But they had their value. From them and from other austerities we learned in our bones that if a thing has to be done it has to be done, and that it had better be done at once and uncomplainingly. There is nothing to be gained, and much to be lost, by postponing and expostulating. The Swells were an excellent substitute for Fate.

There was, in those days, no exaggerated worship of athletics at Rugby. The great footballers and cricketers and runners received the respect that was their due; but so did the scholar, and the good pianist, and singer. The rank and file worked off their games as they worked off their lessons, and for the same reason. The chief difference was that the compulsion in games was infinitely more difficult to circumvent than the compulsion of sound learning, for it was exercised by boys, not by masters.

It is a commonplace that a system depends for its working upon those who work it, and upon an indefinable spirit. The Rugby system had a tradition of hardness, and rested upon the large powers vested in the boys themselves. The Sixth Form had considerable authority, and a legal right to enforce it with the cane.

The Swells saw to it that the unwritten law was observed, and that he who put on 'side' should take it off, and that quickly. So far, so good. But what of the background?

The two things which a wise man would probe in estimating the character of any school are the prevalence or otherwise of bullying, and the moral atmosphere of the place.

These things varied in different Houses, according to the House-Master. In the House of which these things are written the House-Master was a splendid Christian gentleman, a good disciplinarian, a man of great experience, one who was feared for his firmness, admired for his uprightness, and loved for himself. He kept himself to his own private residential part of the House, and did not come familiarly or at unexpected times into the boys' studies and quarters. If a boy wished to see him he must go to the House-Master's study, or else seek him in Hall at the time of evening Preparation. Probably his motive was one of shrinking from anything remotely connected with *espionage*, a generous confidence. The result was that he knew nothing about the inner life of the House. To make matters worse, he trusted implicitly the wrong boys. It is not surprising that bullying was rampant, and the moral tone horribly low.

In the earliest 'eighties (a powerful reform set in later) the Sixth in the House were not a strong body. The House was ruled by the Swells of the day, and these, with their satellites, carried on the official bullying almost as a religion. The half-hour in the big bedroom was a time of terror to many.

More crude, though less severe and less chronic, was bullying by fellows who were not Swells yet, but would probably become so in the next School-generation. To be bullied by a Swell twice your size and weight, with the prestige of the Eleven or Fifteen upon him, might be painful, but was not necessarily degrading unless it took a disgusting form. (The writer remembers seeing and suffering obscenities for which the perpetrators deserved to be shot like vermin.) To be bullied by a lad only a little bigger than yourself, but sufficiently stronger to make resistance vain, inflicted a cruel wound on self-respect.

The moral tone of the House was vile. Pictures out of the past come into the mind. A group of Swells standing at one end of the big bedroom, competing with each other in the pleasant pastime of trying to put out the candle at the end of the room by spitting into the flame. A boy knocking at the door of a fag's study, and

finding a group of half a dozen crowded there, listening to one of their number as he read aloud from one of the most poisonous books of the seventeenth century, which had somehow crept into the School Library, where curious eyes or sheer bad luck had found it. The common talk was foul exceedingly. Ignorance was impossible. Innocence was difficult. Yet there were many who kept themselves unspotted from even such a world; and it is a testimony to the inherent force of goodness that they were tacitly respected, though they lived somewhat lonely lives.

The different Houses varied in this matter. Those were best where the House-Master grasped the nettle, and was about his House at all hours, so that no deed of darkness could easily escape his eye. But it would be difficult to imagine a more disastrous atmosphere for any child passing into and through adolescence than that which pervaded some of the Houses of those days.

Now and then boys were expelled, being convicted of beastliness of the vilest kind. But the beastliness went on, and was a subject for amused conversation in the School.

Enough of such matters.

Perhaps the jolliest time of the week was a Winter Saturday night. Lessons for Monday had, or had not, been prepared on Friday, and Saturday evening was free. Football was over earlier in the day. The Swells had refreshed themselves with hot baths after the muddy game; the rest had been content to wash face and hands at cold-water basins, for the days of hygiene had not yet reached the schools, or at least Public Schools. The study curtains were drawn, candles and fires blazed, and most studies were busily occupied with picnics. Cocoa, and such eatables as funds and credit would allow, made a pleasant feast. It was a happy, friendly hour.

Sometimes more illicit pleasures were indulged in. The writer remembers clubbing with a few others to buy a bottle of distinctly bad sherry, to be consumed behind bolted doors. To the delight of the rest he seemed to have exceeded the bounds of strict moderation. When the prayer-bell sounded, and all trooped into the Hall, they waited for the House-Master to detect some suspicious lurching walk. They were disappointed. The rioter had been careful to riot within safe limits, and there was no catastrophe.

The official food supply of the House was not good. It was the recognised thing in those days that those who liked jam with their breakfast, or potted meat at tea, should supply such luxuries

for themselves. When funds permitted there was never a penny so well laid out as the penny spent at Jeffrey's opposite the School Gate on a diminutive hot roll on the way home to breakfast after the first lesson for the day. Chapel was at seven, and was followed by school from a quarter-past seven to a quarter-past eight. By half-past eight on a cold winter morning hunger had set in, and these hot rolls were fit for the gods.

Dinner was a fearful rush for the tail of the House. The House-Master and his family sat in kindly state at the Swells' table, and were served in peace. The Swells, banished for this meal to other places, came next. The pace grew hotter and hotter from table to table, and by the time the fiftieth boy had received his portion his elders and betters were looking round impatiently to see who was delaying the progress of events. Five minutes of actual business was all that a small boy got out of the time devoted to dinner.

It is not wonderful that growing lads spent every farthing available in the pocket, or to credit, on 'stodging,' as it was called, between meals. Mid-term hampers were welcome indeed. The fortunate receiver conveyed his treasure stealthily to his study, and invited a few chosen friends to share his luck. But somehow the secret was never safely kept, and an uninvited Swell or two dropped in to patronise the feast. It was one of the privileges of Sweldom.

Rugby was, of course, the cradle of the finest form of football. Matthew Bloxham, lecturing in the early 'eighties on 'Rugby School, Seventy years ago' (thus easily does a century pass), remembered its origin in his own schooldays. Then, when only the dribbling game was known, a big fellow once took it into his head to pick up the ball and run with it. Had a small boy done the same thing, he would have been kicked, and the idea would have been barren.

There were three historic matches played in the winter term, and each of them attracted large numbers of old Rugbeians to play, and to see the old School again. There might be a hundred or so playing on each side, so that there was more pageant than science about the game.

On such occasions the crowd of spectators was kept back from encroaching on the ground not only by stakes and cords, but by sentries in the shape of the Sixth (or such of them as were not playing), armed with canes, which they plied severely on the offending shinbones of too-eager spectators. Only one looker-on

could face them unflinching. He was a town boy, with a wooden leg. This he placed before him, and so he stood his ground.

Before each of these matches there was a bestowal of 'Caps.' The best players in each House were granted the privilege of wearing on occasion velvet caps trimmed with silver lace and adorned with the House crest, of which they were justifiably proud. (They had, also, the more practical advantage of being entitled to wear knickerbockers and thick woollen jerseys for football and cross-country runs, instead of long trousers and thin cotton jerseys.) For half an hour or so before the great matches the 'Caps,' past and present, marched in fours, gathered, according to their Houses, up and down the cloisters which run round two sides of the Quad, while the rest of the School looked on enviously. 'Morituri te salutant'—well, no. The days of deliberate hacking were over by the early 'eighties, though we remember a special pair of boots, with specially thick soles, being bought by an enthusiast for a particularly exciting House match. But the 'Caps' received the same homage that the Roman crowd bestowed upon the gladiators.

When a boy had won this honour it was notified to him by a letter handed to him by the head of the House Twenty, with a word of congratulation, at tea-time. Instantly the House broke into applause, and every boy thumped the table with his knife or his plate till enough crockery to celebrate the event had perished. Then business was resumed. Afterwards everybody congratulated the new Swell, saluting him with the formula 'Allow me,' at their next meeting, to which salutation he responded with modest pride. He, for his part, had the privilege of providing a succulent cake of the largest kind, to be fairly and honestly divided between the occupants of his dormitory at bedtime.

'House Cheering' was a strange custom. Once a week for the last three weeks of the Christmas term the whole House turned out into the courtyard before prayers. The Head of the House called in earnest tones for three cheers for the Head-Master and his wife. Taking the time from him, as the party took it from the mottle-faced gentleman in drinking to Mr. Pell, the House very slowly and with unction roared, 'H-i-i-i-p, H-i-i-i-p, H-i-i-i-p, Hurrah.' Equally solemn cheers resounded for the House-Master and his wife, for the House-Tutor and his wife, and for one or two other dignitaries. At the end the proceedings might become a little relaxed, cheers being invited for popular members of the House, and so the function ended. Across the still night air came

the rhythm of 'H-i-i-i-p, H-i-i-i-p, H-i-i-i-p, Hurrah' from other Houses. Perhaps the cheers grew cheerier as the holidays drew nearer.

A day or two before the holidays each boy sent in his demand for journey money; and each boy pitched his demand as high as possible. There followed a contest of wits with the House-Master, who had a nasty habit of verifying railway fares in the official publications, and of knowing what cab fares ought to amount to. It was part of the House code that anything that you could screw out as your journey money over and above the absolutely necessary expenses involved in travelling was a lawful perquisite, to be used in settling the term's ticks, or in providing for the holidays. It never occurred to any but the most sensitively conscientious that there was anything dubious in the matter.

The new relations of friendship which seem to have sprung up between masters and boys in schools nowadays had scarcely begun to dawn fifty years ago. It was a master's business to drive boys through their work, and to drive knowledge into them. It was equally a boy's business to get off as easily as he could. (At least, this feeling prevailed in the lower and middle parts of the School. In the higher forms there was scholarship and the love of it.) If a master was a strong man, he ruled. If not, the boys ruled. If a master could be 'boshed' his life was made unendurable. Yet there were one or two masters who succeeded in leaving the impression that sound and accurate scholarship is desirable in itself, an impression which remains in after years in the form of admiration for attainments in others which can never be reached by those of us who lost the opportunities which once were ours.

A few of the masters were before their time, and hold a place in grateful memory as having laid themselves out to be friends to their pupils, and not merely pedagogues. There was a mathematical master who took boys out on half-holidays for natural history studies in the rich neighbourhood, and spent freely in their service the ripe knowledge for which he was (and perhaps is) more famous outside the narrow world of school than within its borders.

Two others came to be form-masters in the same term, and set themselves to create a new tradition. One of the two soon left to become Head-Master of another Public School; the other broke down in health. But they founded a new order of things, and their influence lived on.

Are their names remembered? It is strange how the passing stream washes out the memory of famous men. Arnold, of course, was a great name, thanks, chiefly, to Tom Hughes; but most of us would have been puzzled to say why Temple should have the School Library and Museum named after him.

Occasionally we caught a tartar. A new Chemistry master arrived one term, and speculation was aroused as to his personal equation. His first class went in to put matters to the test. His second class met them as they came out. Their faces showed what was to be expected. In private, and in quiet hours spent over weird experiments in the laboratory, he was a delightful companion. In class he knew that somebody was going to be top-sawyer, and he had, and left, no manner of doubt who it was to be.

Legend tells that in later days there were two other masters at the School, one of whom was rather a dandy, and the other somewhat corpulent. The wits of the School nicknamed the three 'The world, the flesh, and the devil.' Unhappily the *mot* came to S.'s ears. 'The devil, eh? They shall find me so this term.' They did.

Thus in various ways the minds and bodies of boys were educated and disciplined, their morals and their manners made or marred, and their behaviour reduced to pattern. Their souls, too, were cared for.

There was morning chapel each weekday at seven. The first bell began at ten minutes before the hour, and the latest sluggard shot out of bed at the sound. The house was three minutes' run from chapel, and the penalty for being late and locked out was two hundred Latin lines. Dressing, including washing, was hasty on occasion. The cold-bath habit was as yet unknown except to a few enthusiasts. As a rule, the chapel bell gave two or three minutes' grace, ringing on beyond the hour. But at odd times it stopped punctually, to the great discomfiture of those who had presumed once too often.

On Sunday mornings there was what was called 'Lecture,' a Greek Testament lesson for the higher forms, and a Bible lesson for the youngsters (neither of which aroused great enthusiasm), followed by service in chapel.

Confirmation was administered once a year in chapel. The chief feeling on looking back on it is that it was the opportunity of a life-time wasted—wasted, not so much by the boys, as by their

teachers. Boys have an intensely religious and devotional side to their natures ; but it is not reached by a series of lectures, or by a single interview *ad hoc* with the House-Master, and another with the Head-Master, to whom it might be unwise to disclose dangerous secrets. Unless masters have special gifts of spirituality and sympathy they should leave the preparation for Confirmation in other hands.

Sunday afternoon in chapel was at four o'clock, a sleepy hour on winter afternoons, and a tantalising hour in the summer.

At this service the Head-Master usually preached, almost invariably taking his text from one of the Epistles to the Corinthians, while the School settled down to rest. In later years the writer had the privilege of hearing the Doctor preach in the Cathedral where he had become Dean, after rendering great services to his school in difficult days. With maturer experience it was a pleasure to listen to him ; but he was not a good preacher to young boys.

No, the chapel was not the centre and inspiration of School life. It was a part of School routine, and too closely identified with School discipline. And yet tears rise in the heart and gather to the eyes in the remembering of certain chapel scenes, as if to show what a School Chapel might be.

Founder's Day was always marked by the singing of the Anthem, 'Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us.' When an old Rugbeian hears that passage read he is back in his place once more, standing by some who became the fathers of the school to be, and by more who have no memorial ; who, so far as the School is concerned, are perished as though they had not been, and are become as though they had never been born.

And memory is poignant in recalling the last Sunday of term with its closing hymn, 'Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing.'

All who were to come back the next term sang the first part of the closing verse :

'Let Thy father-hand be shielding
All who here shall meet no more ;
May their seed-time past be yielding
Year by year a richer store ;'

Then these stood silent, while a lesser volume of sound from all who were leaving responded like an echo :

'Those returning
Make more faithful than before.'

FAREWELL AND ADIEU TO YOU.

BY ELISABETH CLUER.

It's queer I should think of him to-night, and I cannot guess why, but I saw his face, sudden, across the firelight; and there was only Jim in the room, and myself, and the shadows. Jim would not mind me of him, sitting there with the paper, his big face all crumpled because he won't go to an eye-doctor, and his hands—it wasn't him. I'm not afraid of shadows either, and it isn't often I think long now, there's no time for it with children at your skirts. But however it was, I saw him, as I do always when I remember it, with that wary look—cat and mouse is all I can call it—watching: only the mice were dangerous. The firelight was on his face, too: it might be that.

I saw him very plain to-night: as it might be in Croskery's hut in that past February, firelight only to show his face, and the room full of people watching him out of the shadows. He could see them, too: they each made certain of that, the way his eyes moved, counting. Only me he couldn't see: or I hoped not. I was watching behind the men, praying he wouldn't see me, and they wouldn't remember, in the press of the moment. He'd shut the door behind him, not wanting to be caught that way, and all I could see was his face. Pale it was, even in the firelight, and narrow so that the cheek-bones showed, and very still. Only his eyes did the searching; and they were quiet too, having lost the laughter he put to things as a rule: quiet like a deep pond with the sun gone down. That was what frightened me most.

I'd been frightened all along, though: hating my part in it, for I'd served his mother from a girl, and only left when Jim wanted me nearer him, till we could marry. He said it was that, and I took it, for it was what I wanted then. But I'd liked her, and her easy ways, and the garden that you could stand in and see over to Foyle and the big ships standing off Derry city. She was a pleasant woman, Rake Gillespie's mother. She took things easier than some: even her children's mad ways. Jane then, when I left, was still at school; but Rake (Rod she called him),

even then he was at home when he thought of it only—as you might come in for a meal and be off again. His mother smiled at it: I think now she knew more than she let others. He would be in for a day, putting things to rights in the stables or the garrets, and then off again on that deafening bicycle of his, and everything to clear up against his coming again.

I never heard where he got his name. He was christened Roderick, but the whole of Derry called him Rake, and he'd a look of it, by the mere speed he took the roads at, rather than any ways with girls. Jim said it was just his look gave him the name. He was always pleasant to me, the little I saw of him. He'd come and stand in the kitchen doorway, hands on the side-posts, just stand and watch; and his eyes'd smile at you, though there wasn't a laugh to his mouth. He'd a trick, because he was short, of looking up at you, sideways. 'Mary,' he'd say, 'it's a great blow-out I want to-day. I've a hundred-and-fifty mile ride in front of me. You'll give me that?' he'd say with the little sideways thrust of his chin. You remembered his ways.

He wasn't above five and a half feet, and he'd a square small figure; yet I never saw anyone move easier, lightlier; he was there, or not, and you'd see him or not, as he chose: like a cat, stalking. It never worried me; he could have made as much noise as most folks if he'd wanted, but he chose not; or so I took it. He never got a jump out of me, though maybe he wanted to: I couldn't say. I wasn't going to let him, I knew that. The last time I saw him before I left, I was hanging up clothes in the far end of the paddock. Mrs. Gillespie hated a laundry made of her garden. I'd a peg in my mouth and a towel rolled up under my arm, and suddenly he was there, standing between me and the sunlight, standing quite still and watching me. Not smiling, even his eyes, just then. He stood there for a minute, watching me; and all tumbled and damp as I felt from the washing, and untidy with the wind, I wasn't going to show him I minded. Only he stepped forward and put a hand on my arm.

'I hear you're leavin', Mary,' says he. I nodded, my mouth full of the clothes-peg.

'Yu'd never do that?' says he, like gentling a horse. 'Yu'd never leave Foyle, Mary Connellan? What'll I do without ye?' says he, and not a bit of meaning in his face as he said it.

'Ye'll do what you've always done, I'm thinking,' I told him; 'go on your night plays and want a big meal when you come in

from them——' I stopped, because his grip on me tightened. His voice was the same though, deep and quiet.

'Ye'll keep my night ploys, as yu please to call them, off your tongue, Mary, here or there,' he said. I moved, but he took no notice. 'D'ye know that? Y'll keep a still tongue, Mary, even though you're goin'.'

I don't know why it was: he must have meant to warn me: certain it is he told me nothing. But I felt, standing there with his grip on my wrist, as if he'd told me something secret, something to be between us two. I'd a little shiver at it down my spine. Yet I knew then as well as I know now, I was no more to him than the sand at Foyle mouth is to the sea that's washed it away—there's always more. I moved again, and he took his hand from my wrist. There was a mark, and I looked at it a minute before I answered him. When I did I lifted my eyes and looked him in the face, noting the deep eyes he had, and the still mouth of him.

'I'll remember,' I said then. 'I'll not forget, Rake Gillespie.'

He laughed, but he stood a minute before he went, while I finished hanging out the clothes. I knew that, though I couldn't tell which way he went when he did go, he was so quiet, and indeed I was not watching.

It was not a week after that I left for my new place in Donegal; away to the south on the border of Tyrone it was. I didn't like leaving Mrs. Gillespie, but I was glad enough to be within a mile of Jim, and in a place you could get to Mass of a Sunday. There wasn't a chapel in miles of Derryveagh. But where I was now, Ballinagra they call it, there was chapel and priest and maybe a server on feast-days. I liked that. I'm northern born, but there's no Protestant blood to me, and it's easier to keep old ways when others are keeping them. My new mistress was Catholic too, a McGrath out of Wicklow, and easy to me on that account. She knew, for the matter of that, I was for marrying, and she'd give me time enough to meet Jim of an evening. It would have been all clover, but for the Crossness.

The Troubles, most of them called it. Jim was thick in it, and I, being young and foolish, egged him on. It was a good cause enough, I'll not deny that: but somehow now I've my house and the children round me, it seems a big foolishness—risking the man you love for any cause when you've no means of being sure them at the top will keep their word. There's many, below,

broke theirs : and how would it be otherwise, seeing the way life pulls you ? I near as nothing broke mine ; small thanks to myself I did not. At the time I risked my share of Jim willing enough : it seemed the glory was worth it—for I always loved Jim. Now I've more to lose, I doubt I'd not do it.

Not but what Jim was moderate. He took what they gave us, when it came to the Treaty in '22. I called it decent of them. Jim thought it less than that, but, he said, you couldn't push them too far : best to take what's offered. Not, of course, that he'd any say in the matter—but he might have stayed Republican, as some did, and not for the new State. Maybe he thought of marrying and didn't want to wait again as we'd waited already, till things should straighten out. Anyway, we were willing to take what we'd got, seeing Donegal came into it, and Jim was planning to stay with the Boyds at Ballinagra, seeing they offered him good terms. It should have been easy.

But it was just there that the pinch came. At the time I thought it was all to do with the fighting—the Irregulars, the do-or-die Republicans. I thought it was all politics worried me, and I'd be still when I'd married Jim and we were quiet again. I'd grown scared, underneath, of carrying—what I used to carry—from place to place, on dark nights : it wasn't like me, so I thought I'd be glad of marriage and a turfstack of my own. I think now, it was something else worried me.

I'd grown used to the fear they had, at Croskery's (we met there, often enough), of a Night Rider they used to speak of. More than once he'd put their plans to nothing, dashing through with some message against them. No ambush seemed to catch him—he'd always know of it and come another way. They could not frighten him off the district. Once he'd been on their side, only working farther north : but now he'd stayed Republican, and knew their dodges of old, and they unable to think of new. I grew to fear him too, queer enough, just because, they said, you'd never tell where you'd happen on him. Men had waited for him behind every bohireen in the county, only to see his tail-light whisking beyond rifle-shot. He rode a motor-bicycle, like most of the messengers that dared risk it ; but he was the last in those parts : it was too easy heard. His, they said, you'd never seem to hear till it was past you. The men got superstitious about it, far more than the girls. I laughed at them, myself, but inside me a sort of fear grew. I wanted to see this Night Rider. They

called him the Rider. If they mentioned him by name I never heard it, it was under the breath, and they crossing themselves as you might at the Devil. I got curious about him, wondered if he were young or old, and kind or cruel. The men told such tales of him you could never be sure one was true.

I found out, in the end, in a way I didn't want. It's true the men (all but Jim) were a bit inclined to put such jobs on to the girls: they thought it a clever ploy. I didn't. Not that I minded what I had to do: Father Mulligan gave me absolution for it, in the Cause: but just because the men couldn't have done it, it worried me. They didn't ask much of me that way: they knew Jim and I were to marry: and indeed, most men are fools if you take them easy, and I'd not been loth, before I knew Jim. That made it the odder, that they should choose me for this particular thing. I was a little puzzled, too, at Jim. He seemed not to mind my being in it. Maybe it was the desperate need they had to get rid of the Rider.

For it was him they wanted me to decoy. They told me of it at Croskery's, sitting round the table they'd pulled up to the turfs, all of them eager and hot-faced, watching me to see if I'd do it. I didn't watch them much, for I'd a queer, angry feeling inside me that I couldn't account for, and I hated to be angry except for the Cause: it spoilt your work, somehow. So I sat listening to them, twisting a bit of my hair that had come down, and looking at the floor. Jim didn't say much at first, it was Croskery and Braun begged me to take it on.

'It'll not be the first you've caught where we couldn't, Mary,' says Braun. 'Let you think on the big deed it will be for Ireland. You need but tell a bit of tale, and you crying a bit——'

'Aye, and your hair down, maybe, and you saying there's murder in it.'

'Will a Rider stop for murder?' said I, cold.

'When it's you crying it, Mary Connellan,' says Craig, very cunning. I sat quiet a little, thinking. They wanted me to stop this Rider; cry out on him for help against someone murdering my lover—Jim, if I liked: bring him to the hut. They'd see to the rest, they said.

'Well,' I said, 'it will be murder,' and I laughed a little.

'You know well it's a debt, and him ruining the county with us never able to get him,' says Croskery. 'You've done as much before.'

'I've never brought a man to his death,' said I.

'Indirect, you have,' said Croskery. I couldn't deny it, and it took me by the throat when I saw I couldn't. They went on talking at me, over and over.

'How'll I know where he's coming, if you don't?' said I.

'Ye'll have to try more than once, if he doesn't come,' Croskery said. 'But we think for certain it'll be the Glenshane Road, under Loher Pass, and ten o'clock. And will Mrs. O'More let you out?'

'She will,' Jim answered for me. 'It's only a month to our marryin', and Mary's not just her servant now.'

I was surprised Jim wanted me to do it; generally he'd rather they picked any other girl. I put it to him.

'You're willing enough, Jim,' I said. 'Is it you are tired of me? Suppose I go off with the Rider, 'stead of getting him shot?'

Jim smiled, the slow easy way he has. I love him for it, but just then I could have hit him.

'I'll trust ye, lass,' he said. 'I'll guess no Rider'll take ye from me now. Won't ye do it, girl?'

He was too eager, it seemed to me, and I chanced to look up at the men. They were watching me, all of them, not as if they were hopeful—but as if they were sure: as if I'd got to do this. That angered me.

'What'll ye do if I don't?' I said, sitting straight.

They looked at each other. Jim, I saw, lifted his eyebrows. Croskery nodded.

'Ye can tell her. Maybe it's best.'

'It's this way, girl,' said Jim, slow. 'You're the only girl for the job, because—because ye know the Rider. He'll think you on his side.'

I stared at him. 'Won't he know more of me than that?' I said, puzzled. 'How d'you mean, I know him? I've never even seen his light.'

Jim smiled a little. 'No,' he said, 'but ye're after knowing him, all the same.' He stuck there, then cleared his throat and got it out. 'His name's Rake Gillespie.'

I could not have spoken: for the minute my tongue was dry, and all the anger that was in me boiled in my throat till I felt choking. I had no real thoughts at all, but it seemed to me that I had been waiting for this. I was suddenly afraid of the Rider, because I knew him: I even thought I had known, all along. It

was easy to see why they wanted me to trick him, easy. He'd trust me, not knowing my doings in Ballinagra: he'd think me honest. Oh, but I was angry: that they should put this on to me! I nearly cried out there and then that I could not do it, I had known his mother, and she good to me. That was why, of course, for he was nothing to me—only she'd always been kind, and he no less. As I thought it, though, I thought, quick and sly: if I refuse, they'll give it another girl, and she'd not save him. I swear I had not thought of saving him, till I thought those words: and then it flashed on me, how could I do it, and he the Rider? But oh, how could I not?

Jim was talking again, persuading me. He'd say one thing, and I'd be thinking another. It went queerly, and my head was jumbled with it, yet through it all I saw one thing only: Rake Gillespie, and he facing the guns. It went like this:

Jim (aloud): Do it, for God's sake, Mary. It's our last chance of getting him, and he a rebel villain.

Me (to myself): Sure the dear knows, how'll I do it?

Jim: Can ye not see, it is your plain duty?

Me: Duty, to be murdering her boy?

Jim: I would trust you further than that, Mary.

Me: I'll not trust any of ye.

Jim: He's killed enough of us. Say you'll do it, girl.

Me: I'll have to kill him—or save him—I can't let another.

Then I grew afraid they could see my thoughts, and with that, desperate, I said Yes, I'd do it. Would they tell me when and how, and let me get to it.

You could hear the sigh they all let out, as if they said, Thanks be to God, she'll do it. I saw then how troubled they were in it, and how I'd be saving the country a deal, to be killing him—Rake. As Croskery said, I'd done as much before; and I'd not see the killing. God knows how many mothers' sons we'd killed, one side and another: but it wasn't, in Ballinagra, like two armies at each other, but neighbours and friends just parted on either side. It came over me, just then, how the whole was a waste, in whatever cause. But somewhere at the back of my mind, I'd a clear purpose, and I talked sensibly, I think, asking them how I'd do it. Murder, I said, would be no use; I must show I knew him and was expecting him; he wouldn't believe in the chance of my calling for help and he coming. That bothered them, till

I hit on it—I would stop him, I said, showing I knew him: he would not ride down a girl and she unarmed; and I would say, there was a man wounded, in the hut, and calling on Rake, and I could not get him moved, for there were Free State men all round the ditches. I would get him to come to the hut, and then I would slip out the back way and leave them to it. All the while I was talking, one half of me was thinking, clear and strong, how I would do it as I said: and the other was fighting to see a way out of it, even after I'd said I'd do it. They took my plan, and I went home at that, my head going round with the thoughts I had, and no rest to them.

I had thought at first I would tell Rake the truth, and get him to go back for that night: but it seemed to me, thinking over it, I could not do that. It would tell him so much to take back to his headquarters—tell him of Jim and Ballinagra and the men waiting against them. It would likely mean a whole raid on Ballinagra, and I did not want Jim shot, he had come through enough.

I did not want Rake killed either, but it seemed the better of the two, for Ireland as well as for me: which was a nice sort of way to put it. I turned the thing round and round in my head all night, and was so tired with the puzzle of it, in the morning, I could not think any more, but let things go how they would. It seemed my duty to snare Rake that night; I could not see it otherwise, and I giving my word: but I prayed, waiting at the Lohar cross-roads that night, that he'd not come, never come that way, or that something would save him, because I could not. A strange man had been bad enough, but Rake Gillespie I knew. 'Ye'll keep a still tongue, Mary,' he'd said. I would, too, and little he'd like it: but I could see my way no plainer, for all my thinking. One can get blinded, that way, just with thinking.

I'd longer than I meant to wait at the cross-roads under Lohar Pass; all in my hurry I got there by nine, and he not due at the earliest till ten. It was a wet night too, not raining, but a sort of mist about, closing you in, and the trees above the road dripping till the road shone black like deep water. There was a wee glint of moon, now and again when the mist lifted. You could not hear sounds any distance, by reason of the thick damp air. It was more than half nine before I heard anything but my own thoughts, and they beating like a silly drum; and then all it was was a goat, lost, and calling for supper. I'd none, and it

went on after nozzling my hand in a tired way. They were long minutes after that, and I had to make them go by not looking either way at the roads, or trying to guess the time; only praying, time and again, Rake would not come, this or any other night.

But I might have known he'd come; sooner than I thought, quite sudden, out of the damp mist, his engine making no more fuss than a spinning wheel, and me jumping at it as if I'd not been waiting for him at all.

He stopped as soon as he saw me. For the minute I could not speak. I've never acted so ill in my life. I stood and gaped at him, hardly dropping my arms, that I'd waved to stop him. The mist was wet, in drops, on the shoulders of his coat—the straps stood out on his squareness like a uniform. It was wet on his hair too, for he wore no cap: his head was tilted forward, as ever, and his eyes looked up at me, just watching: no questions asked. Out of the mist he came, and I stood gaping.

'Well, Mary,' he said at last, and his eyes laughed. Even his cheek-bones were glistening with the wet. 'Well, Mary?' he said, looking at me.

'Oh, Rake!' I said, as if I'd been his equal, and him knowing me all my life. I'd remembered my tale. 'Oh, Rake, is it yourself?'

'Who'd it be, Mary?'

'Sure, it's you I was told to look for,' I said, refusing to think why.

'M-h'm?' says he, slow and easy.

'I was to look for you,' I said. 'I—I've kept a still tongue, Rake. But there's a man here—hurt, he is, and wanting you. He told me——'

'What'll his name be?' Rake leaned forward a little, staring into my eyes. I found I could face him, by not thinking.

'Mulcahy his name is, he said,' I answered, doubtful. They'd told me that to say.

'M-h'm?' said Rake.

'He's hurt,' and I went on in a rush, 'I found him—in the road; and he could walk then, and I got him in: but now he can't.'

'M-h'm?' said Rake, still watching.

'He told me to wait for you,' I said. 'He said you'd be coming this way—and I didn't ask why——'

'No, ye kept a still tongue, Mary,' said Rake. I did waver at that, but I hoped he missed it.

'He could only say that, and where I was to wait on you to call you to him,' I said. 'I'd to leave him fainting——' I seemed only able to get it out in bits.

'M-h'm,' said Rake. 'Well, take me to him, Mary. Where is it ye've put him?'

His eyes never left my face. I supposed it was my conscience, but his voice sounded queer to me, and I kept praying my face was natural. I could not think how it ought to look.

'How far is it to this place, Mary?'

'It's a matter of yards,' I said. 'A wee bit hut it is—my Jim uses it, and I was waiting for him, only he'd to go out again to-night.'

'Had he?' said Rake. 'What's your Jim do now?'

'What he always did—driving for Boyds,' I said. I didn't want to talk more, least of all about Jim.

'Och well,' said Rake, 'if that's all it is, I'll walk,' and he set the bicycle in the hedge, so no one would notice, and blew out the tail light, which was oil. I didn't like his leaving it, like that; it looked as if he knew; and yet I hoped he did. The way he watched me, even as we walked, frightened me; or else it was my own thoughts. I was praying, too, that I'd do it right, if it was right, and then be able to forget. But he walked beside me, and because I'd have been glad, now, to talk, he said nothing. Only his eyes I felt on me, look or not—and more often I dared not.

'It'll be there,' I said, pointing when we got round the corner and could see the lighted window of the hut. 'I left the light burning. Maybe he'll be well enough to sit behind you.'

'Maybe,' said Rake, slow, 'if he wants to.'

I knew he'd to be wary, even if he guessed nothing, but his tone worried me. I seemed to see Jim facing us when the door should be opened, and I couldn't have borne him shot so; and yet I wanted Rake to know. I went on, moving to the hut, my mind getting more stupid every step I took, when suddenly he spoke again.

'No, Mary,' he said, very gentle, a tone I never knew him use. 'No. Not that way. I think we'll try the side door.'

I'd have whipped round on him, if I hadn't turned cold and still at the words. He was just behind me as he spoke, and I could feel his hand as it were in his hip pocket. 'The side door,

Mary, since you've the key,' he said ; ' and—a still tongue, Mary Connellan.'

If he thought I was for screaming, he mistook me. But I couldn't see why he wanted to come, seeing he'd guessed—or knew all along. Just foolery, I think—he'd that sort of way with him, to take all the odds and best them : though he did it quietly. I found I was moving as he said, round to the side door. How'd he know of it ? Then his voice came again.

' And quiet on your feet, Mary,' he said. I was praying Jim was the other end of the room, or even not there, when we came to the door.

' Aye, here we are,' he said. ' Now, Mary, you first.'

I went in, leaving the door wide, and he on my heels. I don't know what my face showed, but I felt like a sleep-walker, and yet my greatest thought was shame—shame every way, and most that he'd guessed. I went through them all—and they waiting, standing, but half-ready, and no order to them because we came by the wrong door. I'd my hands out, as if to feel my way. They parted and let me through.

I heard him shut the door : and then there was a queer silence. When I dared turn, trying to hide and yet watch, I was so ashamed, I saw they were all standing just as when I came in. I saw Jim at the wall, nearest the main door. They were mostly in shadow, and even behind them you could feel they were watching, watching : but they didn't move ; and after that it was him I looked at.

Rake Gillespie stood with his back to the door he'd shut. His hand was on his hip, and a small barrel gleamed out of his hand ; but somehow, as I looked, I didn't think it was that that had frightened them. They hadn't raised their hands, they hadn't moved. It was his eyes had stilled them, as they had me. He stood there in the light of the turfs, square and short, his head tilted forward, looking round, slowly, with his eyes quiet—searching. He didn't move his head ; only his eyes moved, watching, as if even a shadow couldn't change but he'd know it. There wasn't a breath among the men. Mice couldn't have been stiller. His eyes studied them, and presently he moved his pistol, slowly, pointing in turn round the semicircle. When he'd finished that there came a little change on his face ; I wasn't sure he moved, but the light gleamed on his cheek-bones, and he spoke.

' Ye can stand up, Mary,' he said. ' I am not shootin' at girls.'

I had no answer for him, but I stood up, looking at nothing.

'And ye can come out from there,' he went on. 'Come over to me. Only don't cover my gun.'

I moved out from them, and round so he still covered them, and stood by the door too. I was shaking, but it was not fear. It was a sort of cold, like cramp over the heart, that I felt. Not one of the men moved.

'Now,' he said to them, 'listen, will yu? I haven't time to shoot the lot of ye, and you're hardly worth it. I haven't time, ever, to spend on men who make women do their dirty work. Mary here is a good actress. I would have guessed nothing. I happened to have information. But yu'd better not try it again.' He paused a minute. 'You don't catch the Rider just yet.' He put his left hand behind him and unfastened the door, and moved a step forward—but his eyes kept them still.

'Mary,' he said, 'go out now, leaving the door open, and get my machine out of the ditch. Then wait for me.'

He fired suddenly, digging a great hole in the mud floor just before Croskery's feet, and spattering them all with the clay. I had waited a minute, and I saw Croskery's face through the smoke, white like paper, his eyes staring. Jim I could not see. Rake Gillespie spoke again.

'Mind,' he said, 'I'll not wait another time. But I wanted to see the manner of fools ye were, setting a woman on the job. Now I've seen.' He laughed, short. 'By God!' he said, and backed out, laughing, 'by God, but ye needed a woman!' And he was in the road backing still, and me running behind to the bike. 'Ye needn't hurry, Mary,' says he; 'take it easy.' But I couldn't. I thought they'd be out in a minute and there'd be more shooting, and I'd had enough. I was still fumbling at the handle-bars when he came up. There was no sound from the hut. 'No, and there won't be,' he says, seeing my face. 'They'll get back quietly to their holes, never you fear, Mary. Here, give it me.'

I let him move it, stuck as it was with briars and mud. He got it out to the middle of the road, and stood looking down at it a minute. I thought he was going to mount, and I wanted him gone quickly: and yet I couldn't bear to stand and watch him go. My feet stayed still, though. He turned on me suddenly, and I saw again that wary look, with the laughter behind it now.

'Thought you'd killed me that time, didn't you, Mary?' said he. He took my hand and played with it as we stood, and I listen-

ing in a panic for shots, and watching his mouth twist with laughter in the dimness. It was dark, as a girl's is, under the half-light. 'No, Mary,' he said, 'I'm not dead yet.'

'Oh, who told you?' I cried at him, between anger and shame. 'Who told you, that I failed?'

He looked at me a minute.

'Why, your face, Mary,' he said.

'Then—you didn't know—it was—you've saved me too,' I stammered.

'Well, what would Jim think?' he asked.

I'd no words. He still played with my hand. I think I was angriest just then, but I hardly knew what at. It should have been because I'd failed, and he'd guessed—or because he took so much for granted: but it wasn't.

'Oh, you can keep a still tongue, Mary,' he told me then.

'I didn't—it was they told me it was you,' I cried. 'Indeed, I never knew——'

'No,' said he with a laugh. 'It's safer not.'

'Oh, believe me, believe me I didn't!' I said then, crying. 'I would not have. Only this—this was different.'

'Yes—different, Mary. Oh, Jim will forgive you. And I will too—for one thing.' He watched me still a minute, and then suddenly he had me clutched against him, and was kissing my mouth, so hard I barely thought it was kissing; even then I knew I was nothing to him, or would be, a minute after; but I could have drowned so and been happy.

As suddenly as he'd done it he let go: he was on his machine, and the engine running, with never a word. His eyes had left me, too, but for a glance as he went; and I saw the laughing sideways twist his mouth had. He called out, going:

'And now ye can tell Jim how it was, eh, Mary?'

Well, I did. All but one thing: and Jim could never see why I cried.

THE CHARM OF AN OLD ENGLISH COTTAGE.

BY MABEL DAWSON.

'This modern age is not yet so sick with hurry as to be insensitive to the charm and glory of the Ancient English Cottage.'—*Morning Post*, January 9, 1936.

CAN you close your eyes for a moment and visualise some fair face you may have known in your youth? A face that was serene and beautiful, and then imagine that same countenance—bloated, scarred and covered with excrescences? You think of such a transformation with a shudder. Yet this is the face of the English country-side—what it once was and what it has now become. Its beauty marred and seamed by arterial roads and bloated by petrol stations, hideous advertisements and glaring jerry-built houses. Lovely old parks—where once the deer browsed 'neath spreading oaks—now cut up into building sites—the trees lopped or felled and the old Manors and Halls that once stood in these parks either altered past recognition, turned into flats, hotels or institutions, or demolished entirely. Beauty has to give place to utility in this commercial age, and we seem powerless to prevent it.

But, scattered over the country-side, there still remain many ancient and picturesque cottages. These have mostly been inhabited by farm labourers and their families, but as Council houses are now everywhere being erected, the tenants of these cottages remove there (as being more commodious and convenient) and the landlord of the vacant cottages then finds it is not worth while to incur the expenses of doing them up according to the requirements of the County Councils—who insist on their being made 'habitable' before a new tenant takes possession.

So motoring along, you will see many a little Tudor or Jacobean cottage standing empty and appearing more deserted and derelict each time you pass it, gazing through its lacklustre casements at the hurrying traffic, which all day long rushes heedlessly past.

Think of the scenes these windows may once have witnessed in days gone by. Perhaps the Beacons blazing at the time of the Armada—jaunty Cavaliers in plumed hats—a party of Cromwell's Ironsides jogging soberly along—'a gentleman of the road'

galloping past with spurs to his horse's flanks—the coaches with their merry horns and steaming horses—smugglers, their ponies' hoofs muffled as they creep along in the moonlight carrying their illicit goods—all these sights and many more.

And now, what is to be the ultimate fate of these old houses? Will they be disfigured and partially hidden by a petrol station? Or demolished and a modern villa built on the site? Or—will some artistic soul take pity on their plight and buy them, and with love and care give them a longer lease of life? And by so doing also add immeasurably to their own joy and interest.

For many years I had longed to possess some such old cottage for week-ends and holidays, and when at last it became possible for me to do so, I began my search for one. Of course, one's ideas were very high to start with. I wished for something like Beverly Nichols's Thatched Cottage or 'Cecil Roberts's' Pilgrim Cottage, but I soon realised that the almost perfect cottage will always demand and get a good price, and as in my case the price was to be well under £400, I had to come down to essentials. For me the essentials were—there must be at least six rooms—the cottage must face south—have pleasant views not overlooked—a garden of a quarter-acre—good and plentiful water supply—be within a few miles of the sea and easy motoring distance from Surrey—to be not less than 250 years old and the structural parts of the building in good condition so that I need not spend money on outside repairs—and before long I heard of a place that seemed likely to fulfil most of these requirements. So my husband and I set out on a wet October afternoon to inspect it.

It lay down a country lane off the Bognor-Chichester road and stood in about a quarter of an acre of ground (one could not then call it 'garden,' as it was simply a mass of nettles and thistles). The little house could best be described in the words of a sixteenth-century writer, 'A plain little house with pretty Backsides.' That is—the front was square, with four windows, and had been refaced with brick and colourwashed cream, but the east gables and the back were of the original flint and rock, while behind was the very deep old tiled roof sloping down to within about five feet of the ground.

On entering the cottage through a small passage we came first into a little sitting-room on the left, which had an oak beam across the ceiling, a modern fireplace and two windows—one facing south over the lane and meadows, the other on to an ancient apple tree and the garden. Crossing the passage again, we came into a larger

room with well-laid flag-stone floor, oak beam on ceiling and what had been a large open fireplace, but was now partly filled in with bricks and a cooking range installed, and in a cupboard on the left the ingle-nook was still to be seen. There were also three other deep cupboards in the walls, which I knew I should find useful. From this room we descended by a stone step into a long narrow passage, also flag-stoned, and with a rafted ceiling. On the right this led to the old bakehouse or scullery containing a large brick bread-oven, open fireplace, copper and pump, and across the ceiling almost an entire tree, which was whitewashed. From this room, which had two windows, we obtained a really lovely and extensive view over Goodwood and the Downs, and here a door led into the back garden. To the left of the passage was the cellar with brick floor and again oak-raftered ceiling, and a small window. Near the cellar a short stairway led to a small bedroom with some fine timber in the walls, and facing west on to the boughs of the old apple tree.

There were two more bedrooms to see, these lay up a staircase opposite the front door, and both faced south, one with a quaint little fireplace with hobs on each side, and the larger one had no fireplace, but the huge brick kitchen chimney came up through the walls. Also there was a niche cut out of the east wall, and suggesting a little shrine where perhaps stood a statue of Our Lady some time or other. We thought the whole cottage very quaint and liked it immensely, and though it had been empty for two years, it appeared to be absolutely dry and with no sign or smell of damp. And I liked the atmosphere too. One can always tell on entering a house whether one could be happy there, and also what sort of folk have inhabited it in the past. The owner told me that his grandfather 'used to do a bit o' smuggling,' and I have omitted to mention that in the larger bedroom was a cupboard which led into a long narrow room or passage under the roof and came out at the back of the house above the cellar and just outside the tiny bedroom there. This I understand in Sussex is called the 'Skilling room' and would have been a good spot for a smuggler to hide his goods in; also—in the case of Excise Men or the Press Gang searching the house—a likely means of escape.

Well—to make a long story short—I bought the cottage and the deeds were duly handed over. These dated back to 1732, but I think the house is considerably older, as it was originally part of the Manor of Aldwick, and the deeds were probably not drawn up till the Manor was sold and the cottage became freehold.

Naturally, as it was getting late in the year, one's first task was to get the garden cleared and planted. The spade work was done quickly and efficiently by a local man, who also laid down a small lawn, and I then planted as many perennials as the beds would hold, just leaving space to sow annuals in the spring, and the following summer the garden was a riot of colour. Getting so much sun there, everything seems to grow in the most marvellous manner. What fun it is digging in an old garden! You never know what relics of the past your spade may turn up. Our finds up to date are: a Queen Anne farthing; George I halfpenny; George II penny; a mediæval key; an old pewter button; an Austrian silver coin 1870; and bits of old dinner-services, clay pipes and other bric-à-brac, all giving an impetus to the imagination. One coin especially intrigued me—it was bent and green with age and badly corroded with rust ('Something quite B.C.,' thought I). All approved methods failing to clean it, I rubbed it gently with sandpaper, when slowly but surely there came to light the revered but familiar features of our late Sovereign Lord King George V (a halfpenny). Still—'It never yet did hurt to lay down likelihoods and farms of hope.'

After doing the necessary garden work I began on the inside of the cottage. The cooking-range and bricks were removed from the front kitchen fireplace and that room was distempered a pale yellow, and the small sitting-room papered with an orange shade which throws up well all the oak and old prints, and gives a sunny effect. Both bedrooms had cheery and old-fashioned cottage papers put there. I think one should keep as much as possible to the style of a house and not try and furnish an old cottage like a Baronial Hall, or worse still, degrade it with fumed oak or chromium-plated furniture and 'arty' cushions and carpets. I had ordered five single bedsteads and all the necessary kitchen utensils, and then set out to search for small pieces of antique furniture, etc. I had already in my possession a Cromwellian gate-legged table and six spindle-back chairs, so made a start with these and two comfortable armchairs. I also owned a Hepplewhite corner washstand, a small Chippendale table and a larger one of about the same period. These I put into my own bedroom—the larger table became my dressing-table and the smaller one stood near the bed, and I soon picked up an old jug and basin for the corner washstand, and also, later, a small antique chest of drawers for my clothes.

And here let me advise anyone who is furnishing an old cottage

or house—not to be in a hurry about it. Even if you can afford to do so—it is a mistake to go straight away to a large antique shop and order a lot of stuff there. For if you do so you will deprive yourself of all the rapture of pursuing, and also pay nearly twice as much as you need. It adds such a zest to the whole thing to pass many an hour gazing into the windows of the antique shops you will see when motoring anywhere, or in the different towns you may visit while staying with friends. And by taking your time you may pick up some good bargains. In Epsom Market I bought for 2s. 6d. a pair of old andirons, just what I needed for the kitchen fireplace. Another time, having to wait half an hour for a train at Peckham Rye, I wandered round a ‘junk’ shop there. Such a medley of articles, mostly heavy Victorian, but I came across a Jacobean spice cupboard of unusual dimensions, and most richly carved with figures, etc., and containing six small drawers, the handles of which were raised and carved with men’s heads. I bought it for 25s., and an expert has since valued it at £15. At the same shop I also secured six Nankin plates for 9s. and a black-and-white water-colour of Isaac Newton, almost contemporary, I should say, judging from the frame. At another ‘second-hand’ shop (one could hardly designate it ‘antique’) I saw a Georgian mahogany and gesso frame which appeared to have once held a mirror, but now surrounded a large and faded photograph of Mr. Gladstone. On enquiring the price, I was told two shillings and sixpence for the frame alone, but another shilling if I took Mr. Gladstone. As I did not want Mr. Gladstone at any price, I left him behind and carried off the frame, which is now restored to its original intention and is very effective as a mirror.

For some time I have had my eye on an old blunderbuss which I feel would look ‘simply marvellous’ hanging along the oak beam in the front kitchen, but at present the price is more than I think I should pay for a mere bauble, but I live in hopes of acquiring it one day. The owner, on first displaying it and to show how it was fired, pointed it in my direction, but hastily moving out of his range I said haughtily, ‘Kindly aim at your own ceiling and not at me,’ for one does hear such strange tales of these old weapons going off suddenly and killing the wrong person—never the *right* one unfortunately! However, I will not enumerate all my bargains, but by saving money on these less important items I had more to spare for more valuable things—and among these an old Sussex fireback.

Anyhow, with all due modesty I can say that the cottage now does look charming, and I find that even people who were not formerly interested in such things do become so after seeing round the place, and the remark, 'Do try and find me a cottage like this,' is more often than not said on departure. There was one exception—a lady who on being shown the cottage and all my treasures passed everything in stony silence, but went into raptures over a modern check green and white teacloth hanging on the line. The same person suggested I should sell part of the kitchen garden 'to a builder' who could 'erect there two small cottages' and give me 'perhaps quite a fair price for the land.' I might have said, 'The place whereon thou standest is holy ground,' but she would never have understood. To her Life will always be just the 'primrose by the river's brim' and nothing more. And talking of primroses, how lovely they are in April on the banks and in the hedges all round my cottage, but then every season is charming to those who really love the country. In spring I see from my windows these primroses, and as I lie in bed, the lambs gambolling in the meadow opposite. In summer the same banks and hedges hold huge clusters of meadow-sweet which perfume the whole place, also comfrey, ragwort and scabious. The garden is gay with flowers and the hay lies cut in the meadows with its spicy scent. In autumn there are the golden cornfields, and mushrooms and blackberries to be gathered in plenty. In winter I dig myself in—that is, I spend a good deal of my time doing things indoors. And there are always pleasant walks to take with my spaniel, and many new places to explore, and often the treat of wondrous sunsets and splendid moonlight to enjoy. A poet says 'All houses where men lived and died are haunted houses,' and most old houses are supposed to have their ghost, which, with a large party there, may be quite an acquisition. But as I am often alone for the evenings, I feel a ghost would be rather a doubtful blessing. And there is nothing eerie about this cottage. And no unnatural phenomenon, unless it is that though we have no bells either outside or inside, I have occasionally fancied I heard one ringing in the night. I suggested to a friend that possibly the scoundrel who cut the bell from the Inchcape Rock might have carried it here, and hidden it beneath the floor or foundations, but he replied that he did not think it at all likely—some people have no imagination! But I fear no foe to-night as I sit by my blazing hearth.

The Aladdin lamp casts a soft glow through its parchment shade

on the old prints and mellow oak furniture, and illuminates the Staffordshire figures on the mantelpiece. I give a friendly nod to these little men and women—Rebecca-at-the-Well with her crinoline and neat 'middle jimp' still firmly grasps her pitcher. General Macready stands stiffly in military fashion. The sportsman in green breeches and pink jacket leans heavily on his fowling piece and holds his wooden-looking hare. Bonnie Prince Charlie's sporran takes on a still more unnatural hue, and Moses—but at Moses I gaze anxiously, for when he came to me he was minus an arm (from holding it aloft so long, I expect), so I made him another from plasticine, and I fear that one day the heat of the fire will cause him to lose that arm again, but so far, good! Moses' arm is still erect. My spaniel is chasing her own shadow in the garden, and soon the big white owl will come out and flit like some pale wraith round the moonlit meadow. How cosy the room looks and how very, very peaceful it all is. To-morrow I must return to Surrey, but before I seek my pillow to-night there are some toasts to be drunk. I recollect that in the cellar—where doubtless once stood huge barrels of home-brewed ale and perhaps also a keg of contraband brandy—there now is one half-bottle of cider! This I will fetch for my toasts.

'Come, gentle friend—drink with a merry heart,
But ere thou drink too much—depart,
For though good wine will make the spirit stout,
Yet when too much goes in the wit goes out.'

These words, contemporary with Shakespeare, were on the cellar door in my grandfather's old Tudor Hall in Buckinghamshire and seem appropriate to the occasion as I return with my cider to the fireside. Alas! having no pewter tankard I reach out for a Woolworth wineglass ('This fragile glass of crystal tall it has lasted longer than is right'). First—The King, God Bless Him. Now—the old, old toast, To Surrey, Home and Duty. ('Ah! that draught was very cool.') Poor old Longfellow seems rather apt to-night. Nobody reads him now, but I learnt whole reams of his poetry when a child.

But the night grows apace and my cider grows flat. There is still half the half-bottle remaining. So—no heel-taps, gentlemen! Here's to the Smugglers' Cottage. Long may it stand and flourish. And when 'next I do ride abroad may I be there to see.'

'THE CORNHILL': OLD AND NEW.

IN January, with the beginning of a new year and a new volume (the 155th), the old CORNHILL will appear in a new dress. During the course of its long and distinguished life it has shown more than once that it has within it the vitality of growth: it has changed with the changing times, and yet throughout it has remained in all essentials the same; its character was given it in the reign of its first Editor, Thackeray, and it has maintained it ever since. No author, however famous, can count as of right upon inclusion; no author, however humble, need despair of admission—the one test is excellence of contribution.

And yet change is an integral part of life: new types are invented, new processes are born, new ideas emerge—and everyone enjoys new clothes, woman always, and even man, more often than he confesses, for all his pretended scorn of fashion. It is, for example, not many years back that THE TIMES felt the need of change: it had altered, consciously and unconsciously, often in the course of its history; recently it presented itself to its readers in new type and form. Similarly now the CORNHILL will, in January, be renewed and yet the same. It will be in no way changed in character; it will, as throughout its life, endeavour to give to its readers the best, and nothing but the best, of modern literature, in articles, stories, and poems: but it will give these in a new typographical form. The only criticism that is from time to time heard of the CORNHILL is that its pages not only look old-fashioned but are in fact not as easy for the eyes to read as they could now be made, and that criticism will accordingly be met. A new type has been chosen specially for its clarity and its attraction: the size of the pages will remain the same, but the spacing will be less close and fewer words printed on each page—on the other hand, more pages will be given to each number, by way of compensation. On the cover the well-known vignettes of the seasons will still appear, but in a fresh setting. It is hoped that in every way the changes will emphasise to all that wide public which still cares for the standard that has for so long been borne aloft in these pages that the CORNHILL is still representative of the very best in modern literature.

G.

A POSSESSION FOR EVER.

BY E. LLOYD BARRITT.

It was a cold morning early in winter and a north-east wind blowing from the Thracian mountains whipped up the channel running between Thasos and the mainland. The Athenian commander had his headquarters on the island and was busy writing beside a huge log fire. One side of him was scorched, while down the other ran a cold draught like a waterfall. Thucydides, however, was conscious of neither heat nor cold. He was completely absorbed in making notes for his next speech.

It was the eighth year of the Peloponnesian War—the death-struggle between Athens and Sparta. Thucydides had been sent to patrol the northern *Ægean*, to hold the Athenian allies to their allegiance, by persuasion if possible, if not, by intimidation or even force. It was no easy task, with Spartan envoys everywhere crudely insisting that the allies of Athens had now become her subjects, and holding out the magic bribe of ‘freedom’ to induce them to revolt.

Together with the duties of admiral and general, Thucydides had to combine those of ambassador and orator. To aid him in his arguments, he had drawn up a double list of the national characteristics of both sides: Sparta, stupid, short-sighted, unenterprising; dauntless in the field, of course—no use denying patent fact—but prone to lose the fruits of her valour by over-caution. Athens, eager, alert, open-minded, sanguine, resourceful, fickle—? Thucydides crossed out ‘fickle’ and substituted ‘addicted to innovations.’ It was a masterly piece of analysis and Thucydides felt justly proud of it.

At this point he was interrupted by the arrival of a messenger from the mainland with the request that he should go at once to the relief of Amphipolis.

‘Amphipolis! Why, what on earth—?’ But his protestations were cut short by the urgency of the situation. Amphipolis was an Athenian colony, founded some twelve years previously under the auspices of Pericles himself. It was the key which unlocked for Athens the treasures of Thrace and Macedon—the

timber which built her ships and the gold which paid her crews. If anything were to happen to this jewel of the Empire—

His anxieties raced along subterranean channels. Outwardly Thucydides was calm, alert, cheerful. His time had not been spent entirely in the study of international psychology. So excellent were his dispositions and so secure his discipline, that within an hour of the messenger's arrival he had locked away his manuscripts, sacrificed to the gods, and was ready to set sail with the seven galleys he had kept at Thasos in preparation for some such unexpected call as this. The sky was leaden with unfallen snow and the seas were running high, lashed with an icy wind. The passage was going to be a severe test of seamanship. Thucydides was glad he had allowed no slackness to impair the fitness of his crews.

The first snow-flakes came whirling down on his scarlet cloak as he stepped aboard his flagship followed by the messenger. During the voyage he learnt further particulars. The Spartan general Brasidas, showing unlooked-for enterprise, had arrived suddenly before Amphipolis, and was now carrying on negotiations with the traitors. The 'traitors,' of course, were the pro-Spartan element in Amphipolis.

'But Eucles,' said Thucydides. 'What is Eucles doing meanwhile?'

Eucles was the Athenian commander of Amphipolis and his one idea had been to send to his colleague for aid. Thucydides felt that his estimate of Athenian and Spartan characteristics was bewilderingly at fault.

Before nightfall they reached the coast of Macedon and rounded the bend into the Strymon estuary. Three miles to northward, Amphipolis showed up wan and ghostly against a pall of black clouds.

Thucydides praised his crews for their skill in accomplishing so difficult a passage in record time, but his satisfaction was marred by anxiety about the fate of the city and the fecklessness of Eucles. When they docked at Eion, the commercial seaport at the river's mouth, it was Eucles who met him first on the snow-powdered landing-stage—Eucles with a white face and the news that Brasidas and his Spartans had entered the city that very morning.

'What!' said Thucydides. 'Without a blow struck?'

'What could I do? The place was rotten with treachery.'

'Couldn't you have made speeches to the citizens and persuaded

them that the friendship of Athens was worth more than Sparta's ?'

'Speeches indeed ! It's Brasidas who's been doing that. He said he had come to free them from the tyranny of Athens and from the enforced payment of tribute. Appeal to their pockets and the trick is done. Then he offered such favourable terms that the citizens jumped at them. He even let the Athenians depart scot-free—that's why I'm here. I tell you, Brasidas is no bad speaker—for a Spartan, of course.'

'Of course—for a Spartan,' Thucydides agreed, and remained thoughtful. He was sorry for Eucles, who would be called over the coals for this. The war party at Athens, led by Cleon, would be enraged at this loss of prestige. Besides the timber trade, so indispensable to the naval power of Athens, there were the Thracian gold-mines. Thucydides knew all about that, for he held property in the district.

For the present, however, there was nothing to be done except fortify Eion in readiness for the attack Brasidas was bound to make upon it.

Thucydides set about the work with his usual thoroughness. The attack, launched a few days later, was beaten off without much difficulty. The Spartans were still denied access to the sea.

After the fighting, Brasidas asked for the usual truce to collect the dead. He also requested a personal interview with the Athenian commander, saying he wished to discuss details about an escort home for certain prisoners. Thucydides had a feeling that this was a pretext rather than a reason, but decided to accord the interview none the less.

The two generals met in a temple outside Amphipolis. Brasidas talked about the homeward route. He laid stress on the friendships he had formed in Thessaly. They gave him, he said, a right of way overland, down to Athens, Sparta and the south. He seemed to imply that his line of communication by land was far stronger than that of Thucydides by sea.

'For example,' he said, 'some runners arrived here in Amphipolis yesterday, having left Sparta only eight days earlier. And of course,' he added, laughing, 'they pick up all the news from Athens on the way. So perhaps I know more about the affairs of your country than you do yourself. That is,' he corrected himself politely, 'unless you have received despatches recently ?'

'None since I left Thasos,' said Thucydides uneasily. He felt

that with a man like Cleon in the saddle at home almost anything might happen. He wished he could see what Brasidas was driving at. It was a reversal of the usual process for an Athenian to be bamboozled about like this by a Spartan.

As far as Thucydides knew the breed, they generally left all the talking to you, while they looked down their noses and pretended to be considering the value of your remarks. Actually of course because they were too slow to follow the argument. But this Brasidas— Well might Eucles say that he was a negation of everything Spartan. His manners were perfect, his blue eyes danced with mischief, he knew something—that was it, he knew something! And he was trying to get Thucydides to commit himself, but to what?

‘Your friend Cleon still holds the reins,’ the Spartan went on, uttering platitudes with the air of a man imparting useful information. ‘He seems to be more firmly in the saddle than ever and he is certainly making the pace. An extraordinary state, that of yours, where the son of a tanner can control the lives and destinies of men of such calibre as yourself! Has he ever forgiven you for the way you used to snub him in the Assembly? Don’t you ever fear that he may plot to tan you with strips of his own leather?’

‘You seem very well informed,’ Thucydides began, but Brasidas interrupted him.

‘I am very well informed, both about our affairs and yours. I conceive it to be my duty. For example, I know that you have a controlling interest in the gold-mines up yonder, and that you are a land-owner respected and beloved in these parts. Now I, on the other hand, am an interloper, a foreign invader, trying to snatch a precarious foothold. Yet I dare to hope that some day my friendship might prove of value to you, as yours would undoubtedly be to me. The gods be my witness, Thucydides, that Fate and not my own heart bids me look upon you as an enemy.’

This un-Spartanlike effusion terminated the interview.

‘So that’s it,’ thought Thucydides. ‘He is actually trying to win me over on account of my wealth and influence. I suppose he will return to the attack later. I shall be getting another visit soon.’

He did get another visit, but not from Brasidas. His visitors were accredited messengers of the government of Athens who,

travelling by sea, had been delayed by storms. The despatches they carried read as follows:

'The sovereign people of Athens, learning of the failure of their general Thucydides to save Amphipolis from falling into the hands of the enemy, declare him guilty of high treason and banish him the realm on pain of death. His house and property in Athens are forfeit to the State, and his family and dependents shall remove themselves hence within the space of twenty days.'

This time it was Thucydides who sought out Brasidas. The Spartan came towards him with outstretched hands.

'I can't pretend to be sorry, since it brings you to me,' he said.

'So you knew all along?'

'My runners came overland, you see. . . . This is the tanner's doing, without a doubt!'

'I wish I could be sure of that. I'd make him smart for it!'

'You can be sure. I can supply the evidence, if there is need. Athens swarms with spies and informers and we Spartans understand the secret service game. Cleon is at the back of this, that can be proved up to the hilt. But what then?'

'I shall expose him! I shall bring him to book, and if there's any justice in Athens—'

'But is there?' Brasidas was smiling, but his blue eyes held worlds of disillusion. 'Hadn't you better be practical? Think what you are going to do.'

'Ah, yes. That was really why I came. You spoke of a safe-conduct through Thessaly. Luckily I still have the means of paying. They haven't laid hands upon my mining rights.'

'They would have done, be sure, if they'd had the chance. But since we have taken Amphipolis, my men have overrun the country. Your concessions are now in Spartan territory! But don't be alarmed. As long as they remain so, your income at least is secure.'

He whistled a little tune as though carelessly in order to give his guest time to regain his self-possession.

'I have no words to thank you,' said Thucydides at last. 'Exiled by my countrymen and only not a beggar through the kindness of an enemy!'

Brasidas shrugged his shoulders. His twinkling blue eyes always seemed to hold some joke obvious only to himself.

'Spartans,' he observed in apologetic accents. 'You know the

reputation we have—always anxious to keep in with moneyed people like yourself, for instance !’

‘I had better make clear my position,’ said Thucydides. ‘I should not of course entertain for a moment the idea of taking up arms against my own country. I shall press for reinstatement, but in a constitutional manner. I intend to find some refuge as near as possible to the Athenian borders and get into communication with my friends.’

‘I understand your state of mind,’ said Brasidas. ‘You are all agog to get back home, or as near home as you dare, and probe the matter. May I suggest an alternative ? You have little chance of gaining men’s ears in Athens just now while Cleon rides the whirlwind. Remain here in Macedon and prepare your case against him. When it is forged to the last link, then make your attack. By then perhaps the populace will have grown tired of their idol.’

‘The advice is good, I know, though little to my liking and given by an enemy.’ Here both men smiled. ‘But remain here in Macedon—where ? how ?’

‘Haven’t you a farm not far from your gold-mines ? Better a hut of one’s own than the palace of a stranger.’

‘Spoken like a Spartan. There is something in what you say, but I don’t know how the family will take it.’

‘It will benefit your sons. Let them exchange the gossip of the agora for the manly pursuits—’

‘I have no sons,’ said Thucydides, turning away. ‘One daughter only. My wife is delicate.’

‘Ah,’ said the Spartan, and relapsed into silence. A delicate wife and a family consisting of one daughter—all that in his opinion spelt the decadence whose other name was Athens.

‘I don’t quite see’—Thucydides was speaking harshly now—‘where you stand to gain in all this. I take it your advice is not entirely disinterested ?’

‘By no means,’ said Brasidas with disarming frankness. ‘Candour for candour. We have conquered this region, but we have yet to gain the goodwill of its inhabitants. That goodwill is largely at your disposal. I do not seek for your co-operation in arms. Even if you were willing to contemplate such a course, it would only cause a flutter among my own bright lads and trouble for me, their commander. But a well-placed, benevolent neutral—my dear Thucydides, there are a hundred little ways in which

you could be of use. I know the esteem in which you are held in these parts, not based entirely upon gold, I assure you! As for your—your family, they can be brought to you as easily as you to them. Their safe-conduct you may leave in my hands.'

Thus it came about that early one winter morning a very harassed steward was escorting his master's household through the streets of Athens before the town was astir. Part of their route skirted the agora. Xanthias felt nervous about this, but only market people seemed to be abroad. He walked between two litters, one bearing Chryses, his master's wife, and the other, Pamphile, their only child. The bearers of the former litter were hurrying on ahead, obeying his instructions to get into a quiet street as soon as possible, when Pamphile, who had been peeping through her curtains, called to her bearers to set her down. They were glad enough to obey her and stand blowing a little warmth into their numbed fingers, till Xanthias turned back and threatened them with the stick. But Pamphile flew at him and held his arm, begging to be allowed to walk through the agora just this once, if she held her veil round her face. Poor Xanthias, whose only thought was to get on quickly and avoid a commotion, seized the naughty child by one arm and dragged her along the sidewalk. It was but a hundred yards to the street turning, when round the corner came the last person they could have hoped to meet—Cleon, returning home from an all-night party, very drunk, attended by his steward and two slaves bearing torches guttering in their sockets.

There was no time to get out of his way. The two parties met face to face. Pamphile's old nurse had now run up to the rescue of her charge and Cleon stood there swaying and hiccoughing, regarding with drunken gravity the faces of the two women, one old and wizened, the other young and fresh. Pamphile, of course, had forgotten her promise to hold her veil.

It was a moment fraught with danger, but luckily for the child Cleon's steward was a man of good sense, as anxious to avoid trouble as was Xanthias himself. With a jerk of his head to Xanthias he made way for them to pass. They whisked the child out of sight in no time, while Cleon stood complaining about a nymph who turned into a hag and then back again into a nymph and finally vanished away altogether.

'You know, what I like,' he confided tearfully to his man,

'is a girl who makes up her mind to be a girl and goes through with it.'

Thucydides was occupied for some time in settling his family into their new home. Brasidas was as good as his word and gave them every facility his protection could afford. Then he sailed away to Thrace and added to his already famous exploits another series of brilliant successes. Thucydides found himself one day with absolutely nothing to do. A new and unpleasant experience for him, for life in Athens was always so full of public business that her citizens could justly complain of having no time for their private affairs. It came upon the exile with the force of a blow that this blank day was only the forerunner of a long procession of useless, unfilled hours. The thought of it maddened him. In desperate search for some occupation, he began to work up all the notes he had made upon events leading to his banishment. He arranged them in the form of an indictment of Cleon, and a very formidable array they made. So he worked himself from a mood of blank despair into one of fiery indignation, and only laid down his pen when he looked up with hot eyes and aching head to find the sun near setting. He decided to take a walk round the estate to cool himself before dinner. Near one of the barns he came upon Pamphile, with her skirts gathered up in one hand and a live chicken in the other.

'What are you doing here?' he asked angrily, 'running about among stable-boys and such-like and with no woman attendant?'

Pamphile explained calmly that it was essential for her to visit the farmyard twice a day, because the chicken she held in her hand had a crossed beak and could not feed itself properly, so it had to be allowed to peck corn out of her hollowed palm.

'She won't take her food from Thrax,' she said. 'She's frightened of him. She'd die if I didn't look after her.'

'A good thing if she did die,' grumbled Thrax. 'She'll never come to no good, she won't. Might as well wring her neck now and be done with it.'

Thrax was a native of these parts who had enlisted as a Thracian mercenary on the side of Sparta, and been taken captive in one of the early encounters of the war. Thucydides had bought him after his capture, getting him cheap, as the man had lost

an eye and was otherwise damaged. The Thracian now enjoyed greater prosperity and security than he had ever known in his life before. He never recovered from his surprise at his own good fortune, but was continually haunted by the fear that if the gods detected it they would not allow it to continue. So he kept up a constant grumbling in the hope of impressing on the deities that he was not really happy at all. Though his mutilated, ugly face caused him to be feared by the other slaves, when it came to the management of animals he was worth his weight in gold, as Thucydides had cause to know.

To Pamphile the change in her father's fortunes had brought life in exchange for imprisonment. In Athens she was rarely allowed out of doors, and never without her veil and unattended, while the long hours indoors were given up to the most futile occupations in the endless endeavour to kill time. Here, in Macedonia, without going outside the bounds of her father's estate, there was an inexhaustible variety of delightful activities to absorb her mind. She discovered that all the animals had personalities and characters far more clearly defined than those of the few children who had been her associates in Athens. The dogs, for example, were not to be petted and fed with sweetmeats. They were of the fierce breed whose work is hunting or guarding, and they resented any attempt she might make to distract them from their duties. They owed allegiance only to Thrax who cared for them, and were liable to snap at Pamphile even when she came offering them some tempting morsel. Clearly there was no chance of making friends of them. The cats were little better, being independent and aloof creatures. They went about hunting mice and rats and birds and, when they thought the dogs were nowhere about, rabbits and even leverets. When she succeeded in catching them, they were muscular, scrawny bodies and scratched and bit to be released. The horses were much more friendly, and the day was to come when Pamphile would ride them bareback all over the estate. For the present, however, she confined her transgressions to feeding them with honey-cakes whenever Thrax's back was turned.

But with the poultry she established a real understanding. These were not dangerous like the dogs, but gentle, confiding creatures, and like Thrax himself, their whole existence seemed to be shot through with fear lest some calamity should fall upon them from the skies. She learnt to recognise all the meanings and

inflections of their speech. Most of all she loved the low, persuasive gurgle with which they came round the doors of the kitchens asking to be fed. The tone was that of a well-bred person uttering a kindly remonstrance and anxious not to overstate the case. Then there was the joyous and triumphant clucking which announced the arrival of an egg, a sound in which the cock always joined as though to prove his interest in the progress of the community. He interpreted his duties strictly and never failed to sound a warning note on the arrival of a stranger or a straying cat. Pamphile decided that he was much too fussy in this respect, since he refused to take any food in the presence of anyone unknown to him. The hens were far more ready to take a chance on a stranger's having good intentions. But the cockerel's motto was evidently 'I fear the Greeks, the bearers of gifts.'

The year following the loss of Amphipolis was a time of truce between Athens and Sparta, but regarded by either side as a breathing space for the preparation of further efforts. Its expiration found both sides ready for a renewal of the struggle. Thucydides had spent most of this time travelling about in the wake of Brasidas, examining the scenes of his exploits and keeping an accurate and impersonal record of events. He had an idea that he might publish it some day, and in any case a man must find some occupation for his mind. Brasidas was very interested in the project and gave him all the helpful information that he could during their infrequent meetings. Towards the end of the truce the Spartan sent for his friend and asked if he had heard the news.

'Your successor is appointed,' he said. 'Guess who it is!'

'What, not Cleon?' Thucydides turned white.

'Yes, Cleon. Now you see why you were superseded.'

'But this move clinches the evidence against him. I must get to work in Athens.'

'You'd better wait and see how he gets on. It's uphill work, trying to impeach a victorious general.'

'Victorious? Are you afraid of him?'

'Of him, not in the least! But look what his forces amount to. The flower of the Athenian army and nothing spared either in money or equipment. Then look at my own troops, native levies for the most part with a mere sprinkling of Spartans to stiffen them. And the shifts I am put to in order to equip and

feed them—no money for anything and hardly knowing where next month's rations are to come from.'

'Yet your usual cheerfulness does not desert you.'

'Oh, I keep hoping that your precious commander-in-chief will go and make an ass of himself sooner or later. That is my one hope. He may be tempted into doing something rash.'

For some time it seemed as though Cleon's luck would hold. After undoing the work of Brasidas in Thrace, he decided that the time had arrived to make his gesture and retake Amphipolis.

The two armies kept within their lines, each waiting for the other to make the first move. And the day came when Cleon, with time on his side and everything to gain by delay, was stung to action against his better judgment by the remarks of his soldiers about the weakness and incompetence of their commander. Accustomed to rule an empire by the thunders of his oratory, he was now destined to become the prey of a lightly whispered word. Any general of the old school, Thucydides himself, for example, would have kept on his own course and let his men say what they would. But Cleon was at once the high-priest and the victim of democracy.

The army demanded action—if not actual fighting, then action of some sort, since anything was better than continuing to sit still. Cleon marched out of his base near Eion and advanced towards Amphipolis, intending only a reconnaissance in force and never dreaming that Brasidas would rush to the attack with the poor material at his disposal. Not until a passing yokel reported having seen under the gates of the town the feet of men and horses passing and repassing in great numbers did Cleon begin to feel any qualms. It seemed that after all Brasidas was massing his troops in Amphipolis preparatory to making a sally. It had been no part of Cleon's plan to risk a decisive battle at this juncture, for he was expecting substantial reinforcements within the next few days. He liked to be able to arrange his own programme. He had departed from it once in obedience to the murmurs of his troops—a pity, that, but the mistake should be rectified. They must get back at once to their base at Eion.

He gave the order to retire.

His men, infected by the fears of their commander, made off at once in the direction of safety, scarcely troubling to maintain their ranks. It was then that Brasidas called out: 'Look at those

fellows—look at the way their spears and heads are going! They will never stand against us. Throw open the gates!’

He himself led the attack on the Athenian centre, leaving his second-in-command in charge of another column directed against their flank.

Outside the main gate of Amphipolis the road was thronged with messengers, stragglers, peddlers of drinks and foodstuffs, mingled with covered carts and litters bearing in the wounded. Thucydides, mounted on a pure-bred bay, was trying patiently to distinguish fact from fiction in the conflicting accounts of the battle which came pouring in with each new arrival. There seemed little doubt that the Athenians were getting the worst of it, but the news was chequered with the report, alternately affirmed and denied, of the death of the Spartan commander.

Thucydides was torn between conflicting emotions. The victory of his country would mean the triumph of his bitterest enemy, while the greatest blow that could befall Sparta would be the death of Brasidas, his staunchest friend. At last a young Spartan officer approached and laid a hand on his bridle.

‘If you are Thucydides, the son of Olorus,’ he said, ‘will you come with me.’

Thucydides followed his guide into the city to find Brasidas lying in a shaded room overlooking the market-place. He had been brought in mortally wounded. He smiled wanly at Thucydides and handed him a ring.

‘Take this,’ he said. ‘It will bring you many friends in Sparta, which you must one day visit. I think you will write a history of this war and publish it some day and be very fair to either side, and in it I too shall live and be remembered by my countrymen. I was right about Cleon, you see. His vaingloriousness has betrayed him. He turned his exposed flank to me. A piece of childish incompetence that would have disgraced a recruit.’

He was silent for a space, recovering his breath. Then an aide came in saying that a targeteer, one of their allied troops, prayed earnestly to see him. Brasidas would have denied him, but the young man’s own demeanour so patently backed up the request.

‘I wonder what it is now,’ Brasidas murmured, and then the targeteer came in, bearing the helmet and shield of Cleon.

‘He, also,’ said Brasidas. ‘But are you sure he is dead?’

‘Quite sure,’ the man answered. ‘He was one of the first

to run away and I overtook him and stabbed him myself—in the back,' he added assuringly, as if one could be much more dead by being stabbed in the back.

'His body is in the charge of my captain,' the man went on, 'but he said I might bring the trophies myself and show them to you.'

'You have a good captain,' Brasidas replied. 'Some of our allied captains would have sought to deprive you of the honour. . . . Reward them both suitably,' he added to his aide, 'but do not admit anyone else.'

Thucydides rose to take his leave, but Brasidas put out a hand to detain him.

'Our common enemy,' he murmured. 'I shall be meeting him soon on the banks of the Styx. What message from Thucydides? Shall I tell him you are preparing an indictment of Cleon or a history of the Peloponnesian War?'

'As to that,' said Thucydides, 'I think you know the answer.'

Thus in one day did death claim from Thucydides the friend who should have been his enemy and the enemy who should have been his friend. Following these events he made his long-promised journey south and met some of his fellow-countrymen on the northern border of Attica. They all agreed that it was high time he was recalled, but seemed too busy and harassed to interest themselves greatly in the matter. They kept repeating vaguely that they would see what they could do, but asserted that he had no conception of how difficult everything had now become in Athens.

With this cold comfort Thucydides went on his way to Sparta, feeling that he might as well make the most of his enforced leisure as an exile. Here he found that the friendship of Brasidas stood him in good stead. He was hospitably entertained and given many facilities for studying Spartan customs at first hand. Some of these were inevitably offensive to his Athenian ideas, but like all visitors to that extraordinary state, he was much struck by the freedom accorded the women and their custom of exercising the young girls in gymnastics. The practice was obviously not without its effect on the general physique of the race.

On a frosty morning he was taken out to watch a group of maidens practising a ritual dance in honour of Artemis. The movements were chaste and vigorous, their bodies seemed instinct

with energy, efficient instruments for arduous tasks, their faces glowed with the delight of healthy exercise. Thucydides knew that five years ago he would have called them bucolic and turned away from the spectacle with a light-hearted sneer. To-day he felt that a door was being opened in his mind, prised open, not without pain and effort. He remembered suddenly that he had a daughter, a weedy-looking wisp of a thing, but with a will of her own from what he recalled of her childish ways. He had always taken it for granted somehow that she would grow up into a querulous, ailing woman like her mother, and that there was nothing to be done about it, except to arraign the gods who had denied him sons. But now it seemed there was everything to be done about it. He must procure for her a proper gymnastic instructor and hurry back home to attend to her education. Was she not his only child and the heir to all his wealth? Some day she would be sought in marriage and perhaps become the mother of his grandchildren.

He left Sparta next day and hurried on past Athens, although he had intended to see his friends again on his return journey. But when he came to the Isthmus, his fever had somewhat abated, and he felt he could not go north again without having achieved the greatest object of his journey, which was a visit to the oracle at Delphi. He meant to ask the god if his banishment would soon come to an end, for there were moments when he felt he could not endure it any longer. So he turned westward and travelled the well-worn path to Apollo's shrine. Arrived at Delphi, he stated his case to the temple officials, explaining that he wished to consult the god about his chances of being recalled. But on the actual day of the ceremony, his mind was in a state of supreme confusion. Early in the morning when bathing in the Castalian spring, later when, assembled with the other applicants in the outer courtyard, they were being sprinkled with holy water by the priest, during the procession along the Sacred Way to the Great Altar, while the sacrifices were being offered outside the laurel-wreathed door, and finally, when seated in the holy shrine itself, after watching the Pythia descend the rock-hewn steps into the underground cavern, he was conscious of having made a fundamental mistake.

It was not his recall to Athens that he really wanted, not even the chance to reinstate himself in the eyes of his country by exposing Cleon's villainy. It was a quiet room and uninterrupted

leisure, where he could sit and write the thoughts that buzzed through his head teasing him to distraction. Even at this moment, sitting here in the semi-darkness, while the ravings of the prophethess came up in hollow echoes from the vault beneath, he knew himself to be possessed of the god no less than she was. His mind teemed with speeches, eloquent, resounding speeches, that he meant to put into the mouths of the envoys to that first conference which had ended in the outbreak of war. The speeches had all taken shape in his mind without his conscious volition—obviously a direct gift from the god, whose will was now manifest: that he, Thucydides, should tell the story of this war, not because it had altered all the course of his life and sent him into banishment, but because it would have far-reaching and unforeseen effects on all the future of Greece. His own banishment was a mere incident. He felt ashamed ever to have worried the god about it. He should have asked for a blessing on his enterprise, this history he was going to write.

Just then he heard distinctly the voice of the Pythia pronouncing his name. Then a pause—and then quite clearly the words ‘a possession for ever—a possession for ever to be handed down to posterity.’

That was it. The god had answered not his question, but his unspoken wish.

Thucydides jumped up and would have left the temple then and there, but a priest restrained him. Not thus did one take leave of Apollo.

‘What further observances must I comply with?’ Thucydides asked impatiently, and an acolyte handed him a slip of parchment bearing the answer of the Pythia neatly done into hexameters—for a small fee of course. Lesser priests thronged round him offering to interpret the oracle, also for a suitable remuneration. The fact that it was obscure and contained no direct reference to the date of his recall only meant that the fees for interpretation would come a little higher.

Thucydides brushed them all aside, declaring that he was his own interpreter.

His mind was now clear. He had one purpose: to get home and continue his great work.

On his way through Thessaly he had the good fortune to fall in with an old friend, the philosopher-physician, Hippocrates, whom he invited to the farm on a visit. The two men rode into the

outer courtyard one windy spring evening and, finding no one about, went on round to the stables. The faithful Thrax was superintending the shutting up of the horses for the night and did not perceive the arrival of his master for some time. The attention of Thucydides was riveted on a tall figure wearing an old cloak and high boots of his own, but with bare head and cropped curls tossed by the wind. At first he had taken it for one of the stable boys, but it was becoming impossible to ignore the fact that this was his daughter, the weedy child over whose health and upbringing he had been fussing a short time ago. He stood rooted to the ground with shame, wondering whatever he was going to say to Hippocrates about it.

Pamphile for her part was entirely absorbed in her occupation. She called to the hens who were pecking about the yard, their tail feathers blowing about like frilly petticoats. The cockerel, seeing the strangers, sounded a note of warning, but the hens, seeing only Pamphile, ran up to her confidently, swaying their bodies from side to side with the motion of a camel. She scattered grain for the others on the ground, then stooped to feed Crossbeak from the palm of her hand. It was then that she saw her father.

She stood upright to greet him, and then remembered that he had come from Delphi and that the first words uttered after such an experience must come from him.

'This is my daughter,' said Thucydides, trembling with mortification.

Hippocrates smiled and bowed.

'Brought up on Spartan principles,' he said. 'My friend, I congratulate you. If only more of our Athenian fathers had your courage, there would be hope for our poor country yet.'

'You think it right for a well-born maiden to run about the yards like a farm-hand?'

'Obviously, since there is great gaining in health and no loss with respect to modesty.'

'Oh,' said Thucydides, somewhat mollified. 'She will find her tongue at last, no doubt. Come here, my-daughter-who-has-grown-up-into-a-young-man, and kiss me.'

'Tell me,' said Pamphile after greeting her father, 'what did the god say to you? Are you to be recalled soon to Athens?'

She had tried so hard to hope for this answer, but she knew she dreaded it.

'The god said I was to receive a possession for ever and hand

it on to posterity. How that is to be taken,' he continued mendaciously, 'I do not quite know.'

'I can suggest at least one way in which it might be taken,' said Hippocrates with another bow to Pamphile, who blushed this time and ran away to change her clothes, leaving Crossbeak volubly complaining about the interruption of her evening meal.

Hippocrates stayed some time and Thucydides read to him the notes he had compiled as a basis for his work. Hippocrates liked the contrast between Athens and Sparta in the opening chapters, but reserved his greatest admiration for the author's account of the plague which had ravaged Athens the second year of the war. Thucydides himself had been one of the very few victims who had survived the malady, and the scientific accuracy of his description appealed to Hippocrates as a doctor. He advised Thucydides to associate his daughter with him in his task as much as possible, so that her mind should receive development along with her body and a perfect balance be maintained. 'Otherwise,' he said, 'we shall fall into the mistake of Sparta, that of judging everything by material issues only.'

On the subject of Cleon and the question whether the brilliant indictment of him which Thucydides had prepared should be included in the history, Hippocrates was non-committal.

'The pros and cons seem to me about even,' he said. 'If history is a record of facts, then all facts would appear to be relevant. Cleon certainly deserves to be shown up in his true colours, for no man, with the exception of Pericles, has had such an effect upon our times. On the other hand, if your work is to be, as the god says, a possession for ever, it would seem superfluous to point out that meanness, jealousy and dishonesty are inherent in human nature. You would naturally prefer to stress those glories for which Athens is pre-eminent, and let her follies be forgotten. As for Cleon, even Aristophanes has said,

"Let that man rest below, where now he lies."

Come out for a stroll and let us see if the god will grant us a sign.'

Walking across the stable yard they were met by Thrax, his face contorted with terror, crying out, 'The plague, the plague!'

Following his excited gestures they found Pamphile gravely regarding a three-weeks-old chicken in the grip of some extra-

ordinary contortions. It seemed to be trying to burrow its head into the ground and at the same time, using its neck as a swivel, it was gyrating round and round at a terrifying speed. Its antics were certainly reminiscent of some of the symptoms evinced by people who had fallen sudden victims to the dreaded malady.

Thucydides' first impulse was to remove the source of infection. 'I'll kill the chicken,' he said. 'Since I have survived the plague myself, I am immune from re-infection.'

But Hippocrates interposed. 'I hardly think it is a case of plague,' he said. 'It may prove to be a mere influx of blood to the head, a kind of apoplexy. If you have the patience and courage to risk it, I would suggest moving the patient to a place of darkness and quiet with nothing but water for the next twenty-four hours, and to-morrow we will observe the result. What has the creature been eating? Anything besides corn?'

'It caught a baby mouse in the barn this morning and ate most of that,' said Pamphile.

'They're never any good once they start eating mice,' interposed Thrax, who had got over his fright and come back. 'You may as well wring their necks and be done with it.'

The instructions of Hippocrates were followed and for twenty-four hours the chicken became the topic of interest and Cleon was forgotten.

At last the hour of release arrived and Hippocrates went to unlock the door of its prison followed by the entire household, most of them at a safe distance. If the patient had caught the plague, he would undoubtedly be dead by now. If the complaint was apoplexy, there was a fair chance of his recovery.

Hippocrates set wide the door and Pamphile called, scattering grain.

A moment's tense silence, and then an unkempt little figure staggered into the daylight. His dragged feathers and uncertain gait proclaimed him both a rake and a scarecrow, a braggart and a drunkard. He wagged his head at his audience with a portentous solemnity which expressed more clearly than words his conviction that everyone was drunk except himself. Pamphile had only seen one drunken man in all her life, but the chicken reminded her irresistibly of that occasion.

'Oh, look!' she cried, 'isn't he just like Cleon?'

Thucydides turned to his friend. 'The god has given us a sign,' he said, and sent out his papers on Cleon to be burnt with

the rubbish. He felt so relieved about it all that he quite forgot to ask Pamphile when and where she had seen his old enemy.

Years went by and still the war dragged on. Thucydides lingered in exile writing his history and almost forgot what it was to have lived in Athens. His wife died and Pamphile grew up and was inevitably married. Her husband was a widower, an old friend of her father's and a steady supporter of the old régime. Pamphile was too good a Greek to confuse marriage with romance. She tried her best to settle down in Athens, but longed for the freedom of her days in the country and the feeling of dumb life around her. Her father missed her help with his work and got all behind.

And then quite suddenly the war was over, Athens shamed and defeated, under the heel of Spartan domination, and Thucydides received his recall.

What an experience to step across the threshold of his old home again after twenty years! And the first person to greet him was Pamphile dressed all in black because she was in mourning for her husband, who had just died. Thucydides had hard work to conceal his joy at the news, so glad was he to have her back again. Now they could get to work on the history, finish it and get it published.

But no one seemed to want to hear about it now. If ever he mentioned the war, they said, 'Oh, for goodness' sake let's talk about something else!' If he wanted to discuss public affairs, he was told that no one did that now in Athens for fear of informers. If he talked about his travels when in exile, he was told, 'Well, *you* have nothing to grumble about anyway!' as if he had been trying to grumble. Everyone seemed as if all interest, attention, sympathy, all power of thought even, had been squeezed out of them.

Thucydides suddenly realised that he had grown very old, that now he never would finish his history, that in fact he was going to die quite soon. Well, the greater part of his book had been written, and he had notes to cover the twenty-first year of the war. Perhaps that was enough to write about any war. It would preserve his name at least as long as Cleon's. He called Pamphile and gave her precise instructions. . . .

After his death, when the copies were announced as ready

for circulation, the work was found to contain no reference whatever to the author's banishment. The events relating to the loss of Amphipolis were expressed in the plainest possible narrative, not one word of excuse or self-pity, not a hint of the machinations of Cleon. Most of his friends borrowed a copy, some even went the length of buying one in their anxiety to see what he had written about themselves.

Some months later Thrax was standing in the outer courtyard of the farm gazing along the coastal road which ran westward to Thessalonica before dipping to the south. The level rays of the setting sun dazzled his sight, but he managed to make out the figures of two horsemen coming towards him. He clasped his elbows, hunched his shoulders and rocked his body in an agony of woe. The gods had found out about him, as he always knew they would. His master Thucydides was dead, the best master a slave ever had, and now some stranger was coming to take his place. Doubtless he would bring slaves of his own whom he already knew and trusted, and set them over him, Thrax, who would have to see the farm mismanaged and take the blame for everything that went wrong. Well, the good years lay behind him and now the reckoning was due.

The foremost rider dashed into the courtyard, reined up suddenly and swung down from the saddle with a well-remembered gesture. Then she pulled off her felt hat and shook out her curls.

'Your new master, Thrax! I've come to take possession in accordance with my father's will. I know what you'll say: "She'll never come to no good, she won't! Better wring her neck at once and have done with it."'

Leaving the old slave to struggle with his feelings, she turned to Xanthias who had followed her in, handed him a bunch of keys and waved him into the house.

'Come on, Thrax. Oats and water for the horses. I'll come round to the stables with you. I'm stiff with being in the saddle all day and not used to it.'

As in a dream Thrax took the reins over his arm and followed his mistress into the stable yard. He had not yet uttered a word. He felt it was a most unceremonious proceeding.

She stood there calmly watching him unharness the steeds just as she had done years ago when she was a little girl . . . and she married and widowed and come back again! It was clearly

time for him to say something—something propitious about her return and yet something calculated to turn aside the envy of the gods from happiness such as this.

‘The gods be praised!’ He choked the words out at last, adding hastily, ‘I suppose you’ll soon be taking another husband, though?’

‘I suppose so. How good to smell the stables again! Isn’t it time the hens were being fed?’

She filled the crown of her hat with corn from the bin and went out into the yard calling to the poultry.

The cockerel sounded a warning note, telling of the arrival of a stranger, but the hens came running to her swaying their bodies from side to side with the motion of a camel.

THE VICTIM.

BY E. HAMILTON.

MAKATOON was born in the stony, thickly bushed Sekukuni country. It was a big location, not yet so overcrowded that there was not a living to be got in years when the rain fell. Sometimes, though, there was a drought and consequent starvation in the round mud-and-pole huts. Then the people put belts of soft raw hide about their middles, and pulled them tighter and tighter day by day so that their bellies would not rumble and gripe them so much. The women hunted for roots and berries to make some sort of a meal for their children. Many of these roots were slightly poisonous. That is to say, if one ate much of them, diarrhoea and vomiting set in, but if one is hungry enough the possible consequences of eating unwholesome food do not enter one's head.

If the famine continued for a very long time the Government sent maize to keep the people alive, but long before the relief supplies arrived, the old and the weakly had perished. That, of course, was as it should be, but there was always the possibility that really valuable members of the community might die too. Besides, the normal thing was for rain to fall. If it did not, there must be some cause, and that, as a rule, was the anger of the Rain god.

The first thing, then, was to discover why the gods were angry. The women were questioned to find out if one of them had had a miscarriage, or given birth to a twin, or lost a child without burying the remains in wet ground. If that were so, then the tiny corpses were dug up and buried afresh in the mud of the river. The hole where they had lain was purified and usually rain fell.

Occasionally, however, the rites of purification were not sufficient to appease the Rain god. Clouds which had rolled up soon after the ceremony of sprinkling the land with medicine made from a little of the contaminated earth, sailed away again without shedding a drop of rain. That was an almost certain sign that a sacrifice was required. The witch-doctors consulted the bones to find out what kind of victim was wanted. They did this carefully, studying the strewn bones for hours on end, for it might be that a human life must be given, and they wished to make no mistake.

When Makatoon was about three years old the worst drought that any could remember fell upon the land. In vain were the rain-makers called in. In vain were graves and rivers purified. The chief ordered a state of mourning and caused the women to perform their sacred dance which no man may see and live, but the naked, posturing female figures did not turn away the god's anger. Cattle died slowly, inch by inch, of starvation or of stomachs inflamed by eating unsuitable food. Human beings died from the same causes. Only the goats were fat. They leapt about the kopjes and krantzes eating plants which no other animal could digest. Their milk kept many a baby alive. From among them a huge black he-goat was chosen to be the sacrifice.

He was stabbed to the heart by a witch-doctor who was also a rain-maker. This man possessed a powerful charm which he had obtained from the Luvimbi people living far away in the north near the Limpopo River. The ingredients had all come from the sea. Sea water was used in mixing them. When the supply was nearly finished, someone had to travel hundreds of miles to the coast to procure fresh shell-fish, seaweed and water to add to the nucleus which was always kept back, as one keeps a little of the old yeast to add to the new. Luvimbi himself, the great chief who afterwards became king of heaven, had, before his death, bequeathed to his descendants the secret of making the charm. It was very potent indeed.

Nevertheless, there was some doubt in the minds of the witch-doctors as to whether it would work. Not all of them were sure that it was a goat that was wanted.

Three weeks later the land was still being tortured and burnt by a pitiless sun.

Mothers knew what that meant. At dawn each morning every woman counted her brood with a gasp of thankfulness when she found that they were all safe. But one day Makatoon's mother stuffed her hands in her mouth to stifle her screams. If her son were the chosen one she could not endanger the life of the whole community by making an outcry. She must bear her loss in silence. She tried to console herself with the thought that he would not suffer. He would be given medicine to stupefy him, and then, at the appointed time and place, one quick slash of a sharp knife would expose his heart and the entrails necessary for the rain-making medicine. She tried to feel proud that her son was the chosen sacrifice. Sometimes she succeeded. Then

she would remember how small he was, and the baby softness of him. . . .

The Native Commissioner, however, had had his eye on the Sekukuni country. He understood the customs of the people. He believed that hanging the slayers did little towards stopping human sacrifice. He knew that children were not killed wantonly, out of sheer barbarous cruelty, but because everyone firmly believed that upon their death depended the well-being of the tribe. For weeks he had been waiting and watching, and somehow or other he heard of Makatoon's disappearance. By noon he was sitting in the chief's courtyard.

He discoursed gravely about matters concerning the tribe. He told the chief that maize was already on its way to the location. He made arrangements for it to be fairly distributed. Then he said, quietly and very slowly:

'I want the child whom the bones have shown.'

He listened with polite attention while the chief told him, first of all that the bones had shown no one, and then that the boy had gone away on a visit and could not be found.

'Bring him to me,' he said at last, and sat quietly waiting.

'Lord,' stammered the chief, 'he is beyond my power. He is the chosen one. It is the indaba of the witch-doctors and the women.'

'I know,' was the reply. 'Nevertheless, I am the Commissioner. My power is greater than yours, O chief, greater than that of the witch-doctors or of the wise women. How else should I know of the child's going? Bring him to me, for I know where he is hidden and I do not wish to bring shame upon you by telling my Zulu constable to fetch him. Bring me the chosen one, for in a dream my ghost saw him and I shall know if you show me a substitute. Call your head-men and your witch-doctors as well, for I have something to tell you all.'

The sun had covered the greater part of his day's journey before the Commissioner's commands were obeyed. The white man showed neither anxiety nor impatience. He sat under the great council tree sipping tea which he caused to be made for him and smoking his pipe. When the meeting had assembled he rose to his feet and put his hand lightly on Makatoon's little woolly head.

'This child,' he said, 'I saw in a dream last night. My ghost tells me that the Rain god is no longer angry, nor does he desire

the sacrifice. Within three days rain will fall. I will take the child with me. Remain in peace. The sun sets.'

He got into his car and drove off, thankful that his bluff had been so far successful, and hoping that the weather forecasts which he had carefully studied before leaving his office would prove correct. Makatoon and his mother he kept locked in a room at the back of his house until a heavy thunderstorm bore out the newspaper prophecies. Then he sent them to join Makatoon's father, who was working in Pretoria.

There they lived for six years, until Mafavassa decided that he had had enough of work and it was time for them to return to Sekukuniland. His wife had never told him the truth about their sudden departure from the kraal, but it was not long before he learnt what had happened. Although Makatoon was then nine years old, he had never been received into the tribe. He was still, in the eyes of most people, the chosen one. Six months after his return he was missing.

He was old enough now to realise for what purpose the old women who took him away from his play in the mealie lands wanted him. Late that night he wriggled out of the hut where he had been imprisoned and slipped into the bush, running as fast as his trembling legs would carry him. Dawn found him still stumbling onwards, nor did he cease his flight until he had left the location far behind. A kindly Boer took pity on him and without making too many enquiries hired him as herd-boy.

He stayed on the farm until he was nineteen. Then the Native Labour Association recruited him for work on the mines. Once he had got over the fright of being shot hundreds of feet below the surface of the earth every day, he was happy. He was among men of his own people, for the mine officials knew better than to mix labourers from different tribes. He joined in songs and dances in the compound. At last he 'belonged.' The feeling was balm to his communistic heart. Sometimes, though, he had a dream. His ghost went from him and he knew that he was the chosen one. He would tell himself, on waking, that this was absurd. He was long past the age, for one thing; and for another, life in the compound was vastly different from life within the tribe. Nevertheless, in the back of his mind the knowledge persisted.

He did well at his work. Most of the other boys signed on for six months or a year. Makatoon had no home to which he

could retire for long holidays and no people to whom he must send his monthly wage. He worked from year's end to year's end and he saved most of his money.

The mine officials came to know and like him. Among the changing population of the compound Makatoon alone was a permanency. After a time the boys began to look upon him as a leader. Yet he was, in his own way, as quiet as the Native Commissioner who had saved him so many years earlier. He did not waste his breath on idle chatter, but when he spoke men listened to him.

He had been on the mines some eight years when Piet Wessels became his shift-boss. Wessels believed in keeping niggers in their place. He was short-tempered and heavy-handed. A shift under him was a torment of fear and pain. Makatoon, being strong and skilled, escaped lightly, though his companions, his own people, fared badly. He counselled patience, hoping that promotion might rid them of their persecutor. But drink counter-balanced Wessels' undoubted ability, and he remained a shift-boss.

The weary months dragged by. Makatoon's shift huddled together in the compound, nursing their bruises and their grievances. Some of the more lawless declared that they would set upon the *baas* and kill him. Afterwards they would say that a rock had fallen upon him, and they would take good care that no white man was near to give evidence to the contrary. Makatoon listened to all that they had to say, but he would not give his consent. He said it was foolish to risk so many lives if it could be avoided. The boys were kept in check as much by their essentially law-abiding natures as by his prestige. They waited until he should unfold his plan.

This he never did. Day by day he watched the white man's brutalities and night by night Makatoon's ghost went from him. He knew, now, why he had twice been spared the sacrificial knife. Yet he hung back, waiting for the final sign. At last it came.

He rose slowly from sleep. Slowly he walked across to the cage which was to take him to his destiny. When it had plunged him deep down, close to the heart of the earth, he took a sip from his beaker and made the water offering which is used by travellers or by chiefs who have trouble within their villages. He spat 'Pff' and prayed to the ancestor gods to make his road clear.

He picked up a jumper, walked quietly over to the boss and as calmly bashed Wessels' head in. He felt as though he had

done all this before, but he knew that the first time it was his ghost who had made the killing. When he saw that the *baas* was quite dead Makatoon gave himself up to the mine police, telling them what he had done. They would not believe him at first, for he spoke as though he were relating some everyday happening. However, they sent someone to investigate, and soon the mine was seething with the news that a shift-boss had been murdered by one of his boys.

'It just shows,' the mine manager remarked, 'that you can't trust these niggers an inch—no matter how good they may appear to be. Well, he'll swing, and that'll be an example to the others.'

The compound manager was puzzled. He knew which of his boys he could trust and he counted Makatoon amongst their number. Fluent as he was in the boy's own language, however, he could not discover what had induced him to turn murderer.

'If the *baas* was so hard on you, why did you not come to me?' he demanded.

'Master, how could I do that? The *baas* was one of Master's own people. . . . A man does not take the word of a stranger against that of his brother.'

'True. Yet I would have caused a watch to be set that I might learn which of you was at fault. Why did you do it? Were you drunk? Had you been smoking dagga?'

Even as he asked, the compound manager knew that the solution did not lie in the answer to these questions. Yet he did not understand the boy's explanation when it came.

'Lord,' said Makatoon, 'my people were in trouble. I *had* to do it. I was the chosen one.'

He used the word denoting a victim for sacrifice. The compound manager thought he saw a gleam of light.

'You mean *baas* Wessels was the chosen one?' he asked.

'No, master. How could that be? He was white. I am the victim. For this was I born.'

He went quietly away between his guards, and that was the nearest any white man got to the reason for his action. The young barrister who defended him 'Pro Deo' was nonplussed by his refusal to put up any reasonable defence.

'It almost seemed,' he told a friend afterwards, 'as if the beggar *wanted* to be hanged.'

Makatoon was sentenced to death and the compound manager expected trouble amongst the Sekukuniland boys. But he was a

wise man. When word came that the condemned wished to see one of his own people he allowed an old and trusted boy to visit the prisoner, although he knew he was taking a risk.

He was justified. After the messenger's return the boys settled down. Makatoon had fulfilled his destiny. His people knew now that he had never been really a part of them. They had looked up to him and followed him, but he was not a chief for whom they might have created a disturbance in the vain hope of saving him. He had never even been admitted into the tribe. His going would leave no gap in the community. The bones thrown by the witch-doctors twenty-five years earlier had not lied. Makatoon was the chosen victim. As such he went calmly to his death.

Johannesburg.

THE YEAR IS DYING.

THE year is dying ;
Our lives are passing :
What do we think of that we have done ?
What do we long for round the corner ?
Where are we journeying ? And with what load ?—
Does the pathway matter ?
We cannot turn backward ;
We must go to the end whatever it be,
Into eternity briefly recorded,
Into oblivion all forgot.
Nothing endures but the exquisite sky,
This limitless throne-room of God,
The flight of birds, the spumy leap of waves,
All Earth's untroubled bounty,
Wind on the hills, and morning hope,
Courage, and children's sudden laughter, and remembrance
Of great love shared
And kind deeds done.

GORELL.

THE RUNNING BROOKS

- Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette before the Revolution* : Nesta H. Webster (Constable, 18s. n.).
- The Adventurous Life of Count Lavallette* : Translated by L. Aldersley White (Lovat Dickson, 10s. 6d. n.).
- Married to Mercury : A Sketch of Lord Bolingbroke and His Wives* : M. R. Hopkinson (Constable, 12s. 6d. n.).
- Hero of the Restoration* : Oliver Warner (Jarrolds, 12s. 6d. n.).
- Delius As I Knew Him* : Eric Fenby (Bell, 8s. 6d. n.).
- Arthur James Balfour : Volume II* : Blanche E. C. Dugdale (Hutchinson, 18s. n.).
- At War with the Smugglers* : Rear-Admiral D. Arnold-Forster, C.M.G. (Ward Lock, 12s. 6d. n.).
- Postman's Horn* : Arthur Bryant (Longmans, 10s. 6d. n.).
- The Decline and Fall of the Romantic Ideal* : F. L. Lucas (Cambridge University Press, 8s. 6d. n.).
- The King's Crowning* : The Rev. Canon Robert H. Murray (Murray, 3s. 6d. n.).
- Our Sovereigns* : Osbert Lancaster (Murray, 5s. n.).
- Our Princesses and Their Dogs* : Michael Chance (Murray, 2s. 6d. n.).

THE characters of few historical personages have been so distorted, both by admirers and detractors, as those of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, Carlyle being among the more unscrupulous of the latter. Mrs. Webster's *Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette before the Revolution* is therefore a welcome addition to the many books dealing with the French Revolution, since her object is to prove, from trustworthy sources, that genuine goodness and an honest desire for the welfare of their subjects lay beneath the weakness of the one and the follies and frailties of the other. Mrs. Webster depicts two people more sinned against than sinning who, in extreme youth, were faced by a task the magnitude and complexity of which called for almost superhuman wisdom and strength. Both were singularly unfortunate in their friends and often in their advisers. But it is doubtful whether, had Louis been a great genius, he could have averted the Revolution whose seeds were sown and watered long before his birth.

The Adventurous Life of Count Lavallette—now admirably translated by Mr. L. Aldersley White—will always remain a classic example of how memoirs should be written. For, as its author

himself says in explanation of the omission of all scandals and 'dark secrets of the human heart,' 'monuments which endure are by no means erected on filth.' For twenty years the Count was in close contact with Napoleon, and his aim was to present his hero to posterity as he knew him, both in his weakness and his strength, and to make the portrayal impartial—a difficult task in view of his own unbounded love and admiration for the man who was at once his 'general, his sovereign, and his benefactor.' The author's judgment of Louis XVI, with whom he came little in contact, though his pity for that tragic monarch outweighs his censure, was the harsh one of his day. But what emerges clearest of all from these memoirs is the lovable personality of their writer, his simple charm, his unselfishness, his great capacity for friendship, and, above all, the unswerving loyalty which bound him to the Emperor even more closely in the days of disaster than in those of triumph.

Much has been written about that brilliant but dissolute genius, Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, but hitherto little has been known of his two wives who, despite his unfaithfulness and ill-treatment, remained devoted to him. There was nothing else in common between Frances Winchcombe, the simple little rustic, and Marie Clare, Marquise de Villete, whose charm and wit made her the darling of the court of Louis XIV. To Frances fell the harder lot, for though in early days she probably mistook for affection the almost ironic courtesy her husband was wont to bestow upon her, this could only add to the bitterness of her final disillusionment. It is true that Marie Clare, forgetting all else in her infatuation for Bolingbroke, became his mistress at a time when both his finances and his reputation were at their lowest ebb, but she at least met with a reward denied to Frances. An added interest in Mr. M. R. Hopkinson's delightful volume, *Married to Mercury*, is the insight it affords into the lives of the great men of the time with whom Bolingbroke and his two wives were associated.

Mr. Oliver Warner contributed in January of this year an article on General Monck which attracted considerable attention; his full-dress biography of this *Hero of the Restoration* is just published. The author justifies his title and gives a good picture of that rare phenomenon, an honest turn-coat. An interesting chapter is devoted to General Monck's claim to authorship; it is of importance because it contributes to an understanding of the philosophy of

a soldier of fortune who came to be perhaps the most influential man in England at the time of the Restoration and who died as the first Duke of Albemarle.

Mr. Eric Fenby's study of *Delius As I Knew Him* is at times a painful because it is so extremely vivid an account of those strange and terrible last years during which he acted as the composer's amanuensis. It is the story of a young man's selfless devotion to stricken genius in which the enigmatic personality of Delius, both at work and in suffering, takes on a portentous significance in relation to the loneliness and nervous tension of life in the little household at Grez. Of his own amazing part in assisting the blind and paralysed composer to new creation and the completion of unfinished work, Mr. Fenby says only enough to suggest the intricacy, delicacy, and difficulty of his self-chosen task. A moving and absorbing book, written with simplicity and candour, in which the author's reticence is no less effective than his outspokenness.

It must be as great a satisfaction to Mrs. Blanche E. C. Dugdale as to the public generally that it has been possible for the second volume of her biography of her uncle, *Arthur James Balfour*, to follow the first so quickly—a fine rounding off, in both historical outline and intimate detail, of a work of outstanding biographical importance as well as a monument of love and intuitive sympathy.

At War with the Smugglers portrays, for the most part through the medium of his own letters, the life of William Arnold, Collector of Customs at Cowes, who was the father of Thomas Arnold of Rugby. From the correspondence of which the greater part of Rear-Admiral D. Arnold-Forster's interesting book consists, he appears to have been not only a most conscientious servant of the Crown, but also to have shown great ability in introducing improvements which rendered the work of the Revenue officers less arduous and risky, and his private life reveals the source of those high ideals and practical genius which characterised his more famous son.

It is to be hoped, enchanting as is Mr. Arthur Bryant's *Postman's Horn*, that the charm and interest of the work he has here so ably carried out will not lure him from the eagerly awaited completion of his great trilogy on Pepys—a loss too severe to be contemplated with equanimity. In the meantime, however, there is this skilfully compiled and annotated anthology of late seventeenth-century letters, in some sense an appendix to its editor's 'The England of Charles II,' and designed to re-create the 'common

background to a past existence' and 'the common mind of a vanished age.' In this purpose it succeeds more admirably than any learned treatise on the period could possibly do. For the stuff of life itself is in these pages, in their loves and laughter and distresses—a rich store-house of entertainment and instruction.

Mr. F. L. Lucas, who, in addition to his well-known ability as a critic, is himself a poet of no mean distinction, is also a clever writer of short stories, as his contribution to the present issue of CORNHILL shows. His latest volume, *The Decline and Fall of the Romantic Ideal*, is an exceedingly erudite study which, though its appeal must necessarily be greatest to those whose literary and classical backgrounds have been intensively cultivated, cannot fail to attract the general reader also by reason of its brilliantly epigrammatic manner and the wealth of knowledge and scholarship underlying it. For the specialist it is very likely to be a work of provocative interest. For the layman it is a delight as an essay in technique.

Of three books which will undoubtedly make a wide appeal to the reading public, both on account of their subject matter and its vivid treatment, *The King's Crowning*, by Canon Robert H. Murray, is particularly apposite. It is a fascinating volume which not only gives a detailed account of the Coronation Service, but also its history, as well as an explanation of the various ceremonies and their symbolism. Not the least interesting section of the book is that which provides intimate glimpses of our later sovereigns and of the personal relations between them and their people both at home and in the Dominions. *Our Sovereigns*, by Mr. Osbert Lancaster, is illustrated by both pen and coloured portraits of all the English sovereigns from Alfred the Great to Edward VIII. The specialised knowledge of history on which this brief summary is based is particularly valuable, and the book should be read alike by young and old. Mr. Michael Chance, in *Our Princesses and Their Dogs*, reveals, mostly in pictures of a charming simplicity and vitality, the intimate personal life of a father and mother and two young children with their four-footed playfellows—a record whose delightful informality makes it difficult to remember that its subjects are members of a Royal household.

SOME OTHER RECENT BOOKS.

Ideas and People : The Private Life of a Dramatist : Clifford Bax (Lovat Dickson, 10s. 6d. n.).

A volume of reminiscences—personal, theatrical, and concerning cricket. Discursive, dignified and entertaining.

Gladstone To His Wife : Edited by A. Tilney Bassett (Methuen, 15s. n.).

Extracts from letters written daily over a period of fifty-five years.

A valuable contribution to personal and political history.

The Clear Mirror : A Pattern of Life in Goa and in Indian Tibet : G. Evelyn Hutchinson (Cambridge University Press, 8s. 6d. n.).

A record of impressions made upon the sensitive mind of an artist and thinker in a strange and unusual environment.

Gods of To-morrow : A Journey through Asia and Australasia : William Teeling (Lovat Dickson, 12s. 6d. n.).

A stimulating account of a journey undertaken to acquire first-hand knowledge of the conditions of workers in the British Empire and the Far East.

Handicaps : Six Studies in the Uses of Adversity : Mary MacCarthy (Longmans, 6s. n.).

Mary Lamb, Beethoven, Arthur Kavanagh, Henry Fawcett, W. E. Henley, and R. L. Stevenson seen against the background of their mental or physical disabilities.

Freedom, Love and Truth : An Anthology of the Christian Life : The Very Rev. William Ralph Inge, K.C.V.O. (Longmans, 12s. 6d. n.).

Deals with the practical and mystical life of the Christian. Extracts drawn from religious, scientific, agnostic, and other sources.

The Gardener's Companion : Edited and Illustrated by Miles Hadfield (Dent, 7s. 6d. n.).

The Week-End Book of Garden History, Literature, Botany, Humours, Tasks and Enjoyments. Learned, practical, and comprehensive.

Game Fish Records : Jock Scott (Wetherby, 12s. 6d. n.).

Individual and official records from the principal rivers, lakes and sea-fishing grounds of Great Britain, most European countries, and the other side of the world.

Mr. Pinkerton Has the Clue : David Frome (Longmans, 7s. 6d. n.).

Well up to the author's standard, if a little inadequate as to motive and a trifle over-taxed in ingenuity.

Antigua, Penny, Puce : Robert Graves (Seizin-Constable, 7s. 6d. n.).

Fantasy, satire, malice aforethought ? A strange excursion into philately and family feuds by the author of 'I, Claudius.'

M. E. N.

THE 'CORNHILL' COMPETITION.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 158.

THE EDITOR of the CORNHILL offers two prizes of books to the value of £1 from John Murray's catalogue, to the two solvers of the Literary Acrostic whose letters are opened first. Answers must be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, 50 Albemarle Street, W.1, and must contain the Coupon from page iv of the preliminary pages of this issue. They must reach the Editor by the 30th December.

' — my pen has — my teeming brain,
Before high-piled books, in charact'ry,'

1. ' — from heaven, in azure mirth,
It kiss'd the forehead of the Earth ;'
2. ' Owning her weakness,
Her — behaviour '
3. ' Nor mix with Laian rage the joy
Which dawns upon the — ,'
4. ' O Phil — fair, O take some gladness
That here is juster cause of plaintful sadness !'
5. ' Spreading — and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,'
6. ' Yes : in the sea of life — ,
With echoing straits between us thrown.'

Answer to Acrostic 156, October number : ' To YONDER ARGENT Round ' (Tennyson : ' St. Agnes' Eve '). 1. ' YeA (*The Tempest*, Act IV, Scene 1). 2. OveR (Keats : ' Song of the Indian Maiden '). 3. NothinG (Suckling : ' Why so Pale and Wan ? '). 4. DiE (Herrick : ' To Anthea '). 5. EveN (Sir Walter Raleigh : ' The Conclusion '). 6. River-girT (Shelley : ' Hymn of Pan ').

The first correct answers opened were sent by Miss Enid Glen, 21 Arundel Gardens, W.11, and Miss I. M. E. Hitchcock, 5 Lewes Crescent, Brighton, 7.

Note : Solvers need give only the uprights and lights.

GIVE BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

Our Princesses and their Dogs

By MICHAEL CHANCE.
Second Impression before Publication. With 26 pages of beautiful Illustrations. 2s. 6d. net.



Though the title of this book properly lays stress on the young Princesses, the author has been allowed to include many portraits of T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of York (with whose approval the book is published) in quite delightfully informal and home-like surroundings, both at Royal Lodge, Windsor, and in London. The result is unique. There is no other such informal pictorial record of T.R.H. and their family with their dogs in existence, and its welcome is assured. No further explanation is required when pictures such as these lie before the reader.

Dec. 3rd.

Our Sovereigns. 871—1936

By OSBERT LANCASTER. *With Portraits in Colour of every Monarch from Alfred to Edward VIII. 55 Coloured Plates. 5s. net.*

All of our English Kings have left behind some contemporary record of their features. Hitherto these have only been available to those with the necessary time and knowledge for combing our galleries and museums. Here they are now in a single volume and Mr. Osbert Lancaster has added an account of the life of every sovereign—and his name is guarantee that what he writes will not be dull.

The King's Crowning

By the Rev. Canon R. H. MURRAY, D.Litt. *Preface by the Very Rev. W. Foxley Norris, K.C.V.O., D.D., Dean of Westminster. With Illustrations. 3s. 6d. net.*

The King's Coronation will before long be the centre of world-wide interest, and many will want to know more about it. This little book is intended for such enquirers. Dr. Murray, after a prologue dealing with the Crown during the last century, gives the history of the service from earliest times and its successive forms, then he deals with the actual ceremony and how it is performed, and finally he gives extremely interesting notes, explanations and commentaries on it.

"Charming and significant."—*The Times.*

Freya Stark

The intrepid explorer who is the only one of her sex to gain the Burton Memorial Medal. She has also been awarded the Back Grant, and December 1936 finds her honoured again—this time with the Mungo Park Medal. She previously wrote "The Valleys of the Assassins."



MISS FREYA STARK.

The Southern Gates of Arabia

A JOURNEY IN THE HADHRAMAUT.

With 124 superb Illustrations.
Second Impression. 16s. net.

"Cannot be over-praised."—*The Times*.

"A story and a manner of telling it such as you come across once in a lifetime. What a tale is here, what humour, wit, kindness; what unstudied restraint."—

JOHN PRIOLEAU in *The Observer*.

"These two books will be read

for many years to come. I do not see how they can elude their obvious destiny: inclusion at last in the aristocracy of letters."

—HOWARD SPRING in *The Evening Standard*.

Walter Starkie

Litt.D., Professor of Spanish in the University of Dublin.

For those who wish to understand something of what is happening in Spain, these two volumes are essential possessions. DON GYPSY, published this Summer, is almost as topical as the cables from Madrid.



Don Gypsy

Adventures with a Fiddle in Barbary, Andalusia, and La Mancha.

Frontispiece by ARTHUR RACKHAM, and other Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net.

"He takes us into underworlds the very existence of which is undreamed

of by the tourist."—*The Morning Post*.

"Something quite new in travel books. Dr. Starkie gives on every page an impression of seeing further than most men into modern Spain and the Spanish character."—*The Daily Mail*.

Spanish Raggle-Taggle

Frontispiece by ARTHUR RACKHAM.
Cheap Edition. 5s. net.

"This delightful book."—*The Observer*.

"As a vivid picture of the essential Spain it is unsurpassed."—*The Morning Post*.

xiv



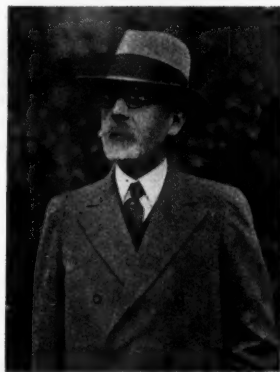
THE FIRST ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF

The Story of San Michele

By AXEL MUNTHE. *A Handsome Volume with a New Preface by the Author, and 122 of his Photographs.* 18s. net. In Buckram, 25s. net.

"While virtually all that can be said about Dr. Axel Munthe's now famous story has been said by the critics of the five and twenty nations and languages into which it has been translated, one thing remained to be done and his English publishers have now done it."—*The Observer*.

"That astonishing phenomenon of modern letters, 'The Story of San Michele,' has made its appearance in its third and most attractive form—an illustrated edition. The pictures are even finer than one imagined."—*The Daily Mail*.



DR. AXEL MUNTHE.

****The Cheap Edition of this World-Famous Book is now in its Twenty-sixth Impression. 7s. 6d. net.**

****A total of Fifty-five Impressions sold in Great Britain alone!**

****Translated into 26 languages.**

Diamonds and Dust

India Through French Eyes.

By BARON JEAN PELLENC. *With 28 Illustrations and a Map.* 10s. 6d. net.

"This delightful book makes me bitterly regret that I have not seen the country which he describes so vividly."—DR. AXEL MUNTHE.

"Outspoken opinions; stimulating reading."—*The Times*.



Fair Game

The Open Air of Four Continents.

By MARTIN STEPHENS. *With 11 Illustrations.* 9s. net.

"All who are interested in sport should read it. It is one of the most amusing, interesting and readable books I have come across for many years."—*Field*.

"A capital book, with some striking illustrations. In the hands of so skilled a penman, with his wide experience, the reminiscences make excellent reading."—*The Times*.

Recommended by the Book Society.

Three Deserts

By C. S. JARVIS, Late Governor of Sinai. 7 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. Second Impression.

"Since the publication of Lord Edward Cecil's famous 'Leaves from the Leisure of an Egyptian Official' I have read nothing where knowledge, wisdom, and laughter were so happily blended."—LORD LLOYD.

"An outstanding book."—*The Times*.

"A book with a savour, containing the quintessential wisdom, the practical experience, and the jocund courage of a man who served well."—*The Morning Post*.



MAJOR C. S. JARVIS, C.M.G.

Honorina Lawrence

A Fragment of Indian History.

By MAUD DIVER. With 8 Illustrations and a Map. 16s. net.

"A book of outstanding merit. It poises the scales between Henry Lawrence and those whom he served, loved or resisted. It is Mrs. Diver's triumph to make that union of great natures into the spiritual inseparableness which their contemporaries describe."—*The Observer*.



HONORINA MARSHALL (aged 21), afterwards LADY LAWRENCE.

Gladstone of Hawarden

A Memoir of Henry Neville, Lord Gladstone of Hawarden.

By IVOR THOMAS. Introduction by SIR CHARLES MALLET and a Tribute to Friendship by THE MARQUESS OF CREWE, K.G. With 8 Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net.

"A memorable picture of Gladstone's 'most trusted son.'"—*The Times*.

Canoe Errant on the Nile

By MAJOR R. RAVEN-HART, Author of "Canoe Errant." With 30 original Photographs. 7s. 6d. net.

"Vivid, lively and individual; at once arresting and enlightening."—*The Sunday Times*.

"A valuable contribution to the literature of travel."—*Queen*.

Horatio Bottomley

By S. THEODORE FELSTEAD.

With 12 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net.

Step by step, with full evidence and with a graphic pen, Mr. Felstead traces the sensational story of Horatio Bottomley, but the book is valuable not only as a record of sensational facts but as a penetrating character study of a man of outstanding ability who deliberately chose to be crooked—of one who might have been a great Englishman, but only succeeded in being a gigantic swindler.

"Many amusing anecdotes."—*Star*.



HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

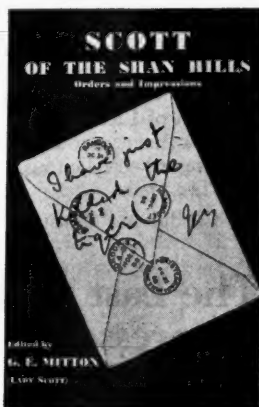
Scott of the Shan Hills

By G. E. MITTON (*Lady Scott*).

With a Coloured Frontispiece, 26 other Illustrations and 3 Maps. 15s. net.

"Extremely interesting. Everybody has heard about the outposts of Empire, but few realize what they were like a couple of generations ago."—*Evening News*.

"A really great book."—J. L. McCallum, I.C.S., Burma (retired).



The Bornu Sahara and Sudan

By SIR RICHMOND PALMER, K.C.M.G. *Sometime Resident of the Bornu Province, Nigeria.* With 30 Illustrations and 47 Drawings in the text; also 3 Maps. 42s. net.

This book by Sir Richmond Palmer is the first work of any magnitude with the history of the ancient Empire of Bornu (now represented, territorially, by the north-eastern province of the northern group of provinces in Nigeria) as its main theme. Details of the history, which is that of the Maghumi or ruling caste, are assembled in a manner possible only by a writer whose knowledge of the people of the Sahara and Sudan is exceptional.

Sydney Holland

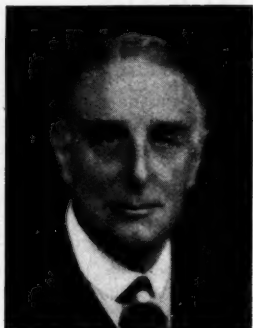
Lord Knutsford—A Memoir.

By JOHN GORE, *Author of "Crewey's Life and Times," etc.*
With 13 Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net.

"A true picture of 'The Prince of Beggars.' Mr. Gore has done well."—*The Times*.

"An interesting portrait; there is something timeless in it."—*The Times Literary Supplement*.

"A great pioneer; a most engaging artist in life. Luckily, he has found in Mr. Gore an artist in portraiture."—*The Sunday Times*.



LORD KNUTSFORD.

Recollections of Sophia Lonsdale

1854-1930

Compiled by VIOLET MARTINEAU. With Frontispiece. 9s. net.

A keen Churchwoman, a lively follower to hounds, a lover of literature, an energetic C.O.S. worker, a very remarkable and vivid personality—such was Sophia Lonsdale, daughter of a Canon of Lichfield.

"Few have savoured life with quite so humorous an eye, or possessed so felicitous a style when it comes to autobiography."—*The Times*.

"Candid and amusing: admirably edited."—*Punch*.

The Last of the Empresses

And the Passing from the Old China to the New.

By DANIELE VARÈ. With 12 Half-tones, 32 Line Illustrations and a Plan. 15s. net.

"The book is stimulating and astringent."—*The Observer*.

"He succeeds admirably. There have been several lives of the ill-fated Empress, but none more direct, attractive and magnetic than this."—*The Spectator*.

"An extremely interesting and penetrating study."—*Illustrated London News*.



NEW NOVELS

The Flagg Family

7s. 6d. net.

"Mrs. Norris has charming invention, a great gift, and 'The Flagg Family' is lovely."—*The News-Chronicle*.

"Delightfully fragrant, without being for one moment insipid."—*The Daily Mirror*.

"This well-worth-while novel; the story comes alive."—*The Scotsman*.



KATHLEEN NORRIS.

Rose and Thorn

By MARY LUTYENS, Author of "Forthcoming Marriages," etc.
7s. 6d. net.

"Spontaneous and entertaining. . . . Miss Lutyens knows a good deal about human nature."—*The Observer*.

"It has humour, grace, spontaneity and talent . . . amusing and revealing."—*The Sketch*.

Sir Monckton Requests

By MARGARET D'ARCY.

7s. 6d. net.

In "Down the Sky" it was recognised that Lady Margaret D'Arcy showed a remarkable literary talent. In her second novel the author has added to this talent a remarkable plot. Sir Monckton requests the pleasure of his friends' company at his country house, and from this the author weaves an absorbing story of many lives with uncommon insight and extraordinary skill.

"Piquant and cunningly devised."—*The Sunday Times*.

Marching Minstrel



VIOLET CAMPBELL.

By VIOLET CAMPBELL, Author of
"Seed of Adam."

7s. 6d. net.

"One of the very best books I have ever read about circus life. It is exciting throughout and genuinely moving."—JAMES AGATE in *The Daily Express*.

"When one compares it with the many romances in similar vein one realises how greatly Mrs. Campbell's gifts of imagination and characterisation excel those of the majority of her rivals."—*The Times*.

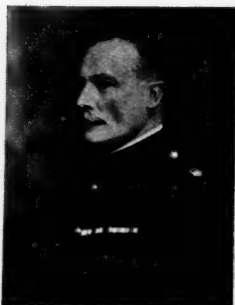
Fort in the Jungle

By P. C. WREN.

7s. 6d. net.

"Major Wren knows how to pack a tale with exciting adventures. There are many hair-raising incidents in this magnificent yarn."—*The Nottingham Guardian*.

"A tale full of thrills and love and adventure in a remote spot on the Chinese frontier."—*The Daily Mirror*.



P. C. WREN.

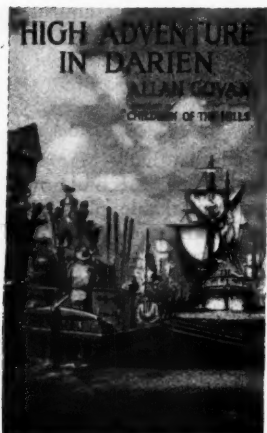
Which Way Came Death?

By FAITH WOLSELEY.

7s. 6d. net.

"Mrs. Wolseley has a pretty wit. Not for many a month have I come across a story which can be so confidently recommended to readers of detective fiction."—*Punch*.

"The reader will find interest and excitement in this admirable and well-written story."—*The Sunday Times*.



High Adventure in Darien

By ALLAN GOVAN, Author of "Children of the Hills," "Peacock Pattern," etc.

7s. 6d. net.

"It is, from the Scottish point of view, one of the most interesting publications this year."—*The Weekly Scotsman*.

"Mr. Govan is to be congratulated on this lively picture of Scotland two hundred years ago."—*The Times*.

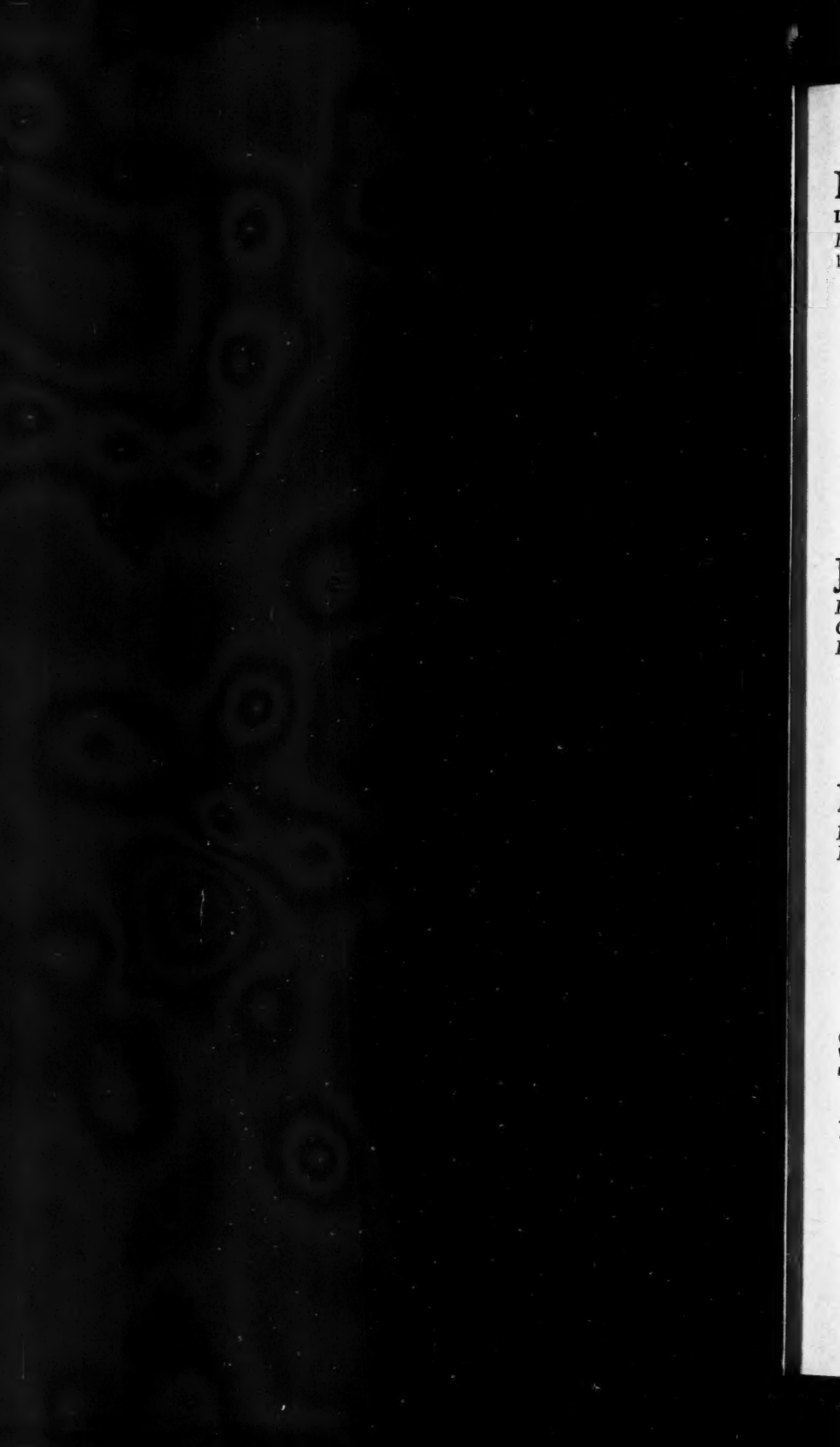
Peregrine Pieram

The Strange Power of his Pen and the Story he never wrote.

By MICHAEL JOYCE.

3s. 6d. net.

Here is a trifle in length but not in content. Within the book's narrow framework the reader will find whatever his moods prompt him to look for, at the simplest a story half-humorous, half-serious which ends sweetly and simply with a kiss. But those who care to search more deeply will find here a fantasia of derisive high spirits; a satire on some perennial human foibles; a fable on the perils of success; or perhaps a kind of philosophic fairy-story.



1
1
1
1

1
1
1
1

1
1
1
1

1
1

Leaves from the Jungle

Life in a Gond Village.

By VERRIER ELWIN. With
17 Illustrations. 9s. net.

"Since Stevenson wrote his 'Vailima Letters' to Sidney Colvin, no European has written so well of a life lived among 'browns and chocolates.'"—*The Times*.

"This rare book would make a perfect Christmas present."
—*Time and Tide*.

"The author is a man of remarkable character who has been compared by ROMAIN ROLLAND to Albert Schweitzer."—*The News-Chronicle*.



J. T. Grein

By HIS WIFE (Michael Orme). With a Foreword written by CONAL O'RIORDAN, and censored and revised by GEORGE BERNARD SHAW. With 14 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net.

"Finely discriminating."—*Sunday Times*.

"A history not only of her husband's life but of the new ideas and forces: of capital value for students of drama."—*Manchester Guardian*.

From Richardson to Pinero

By PROFESSOR F. S. BOAS, M.A., Author of "Shakspeare and his Predecessors in English Drama." 8s. 6d. net.

Under this title Professor F. S. Boas has collected a series of his essays, including some not hitherto published, ranging over a century and a half since the appearance of "Pamela" in 1740. They deal with different aspects of fiction, poetry, drama, and the theatre, that yet are linked by innovation of method or idealism of spirit.

South Africa To-day and To-morrow

By R. GOOLD-ADAMS. Preface by the Earl of Selborne, K.G., G.C.M.G. 6s. net.

"The study of this book may be commended to lovers of South Africa. It will make them think."—*The Times*.

"Instructive and thought-provoking. A fine piece of writing."
—*The African World*.

A Special Annuity Scheme

First class securities are yielding very low rates of interest and many investors are desirous of augmenting their incomes by other means which are both safe and profitable.

The Friends Provident & Century Special Annuity scheme offers an opportunity. Not only does this scheme guarantee a regular income in excess of the return from good securities, but it also allows for a stated sum to be returned on death.

For example, if a man invests £2,000 in this special policy at the age of 65, he is guaranteed an

income of £100 a year for life plus a cash payment of £1,345 to his relatives or other beneficiaries under his Will, on his death.

Fuller information about this and other advantageous policies will be gladly supplied by The Friends Provident & Century Life Office.

*All
classes of insurance, including
Fire, Employers' Liability
and Continuous Disability,
are dealt with by the Century
Insurance Company
Limited (the whole of
whose share capital is
held by the Friends'
Provident and Century
Life Office).*



AGGREGATE FUNDS EXCEED £15,500,000

THE FRIENDS' PROVIDENT AND CENTURY INSURANCE OFFICES

Head Offices : 18 Charlotte Square, Edinburgh 2 ; 7 Leadenhall St., E.C.3.

